THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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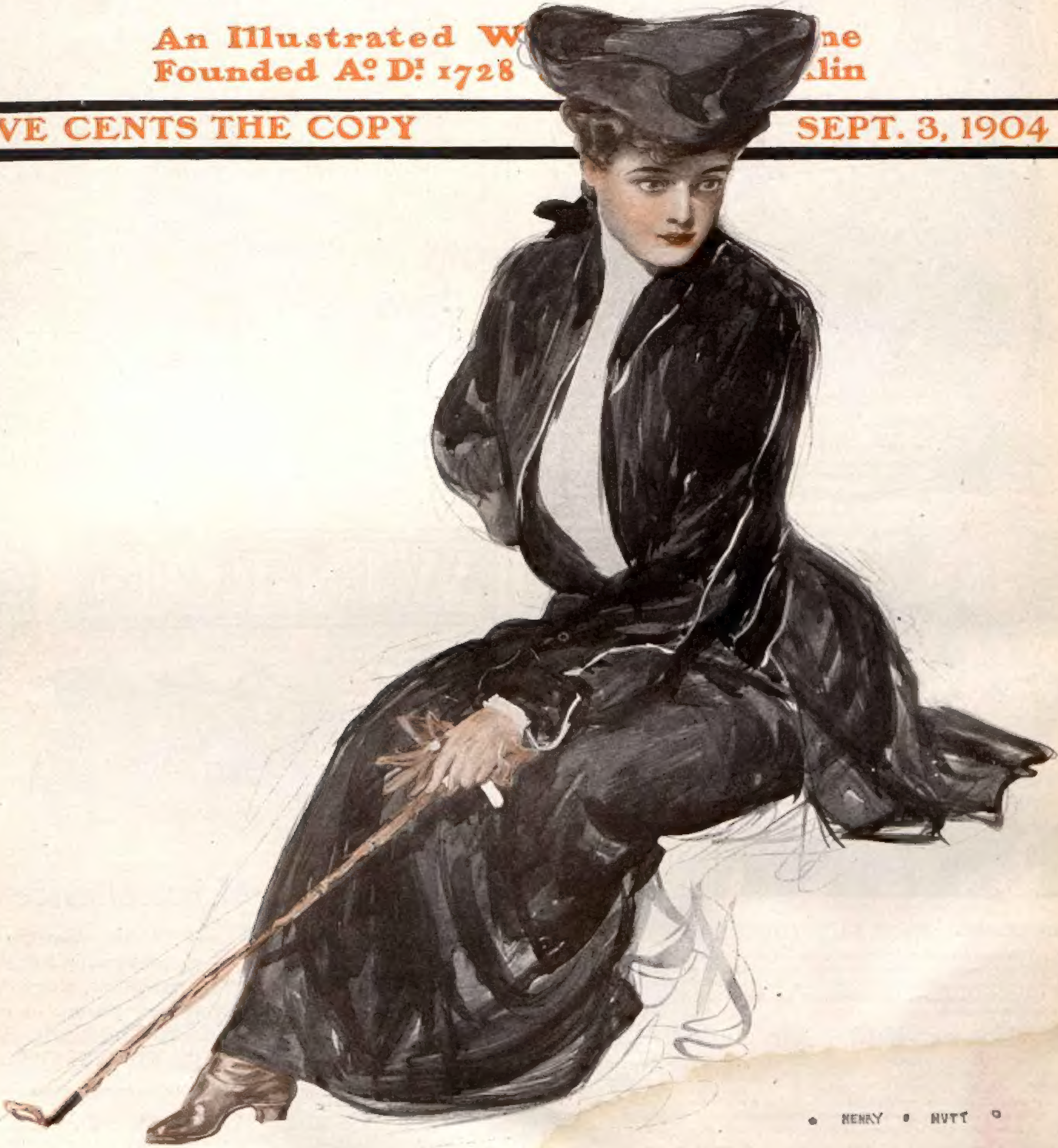

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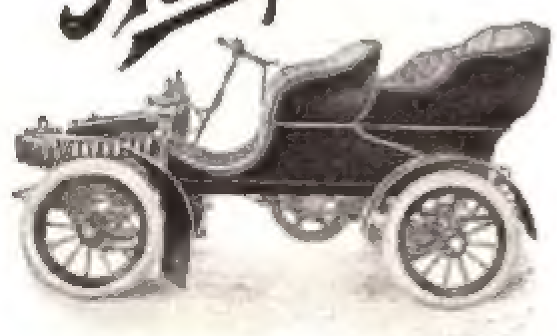

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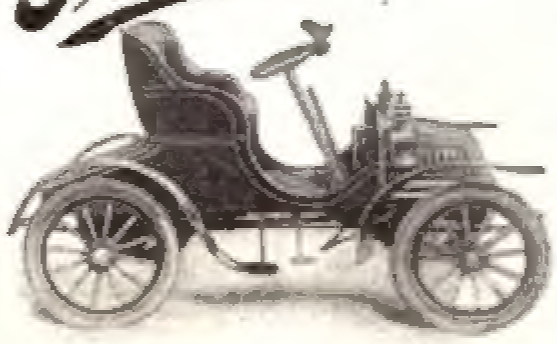

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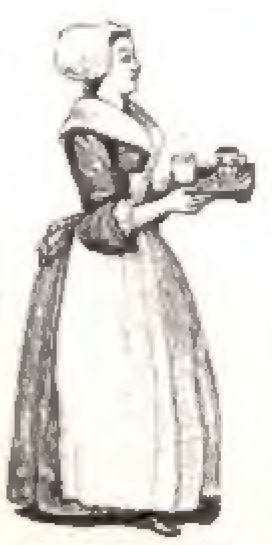

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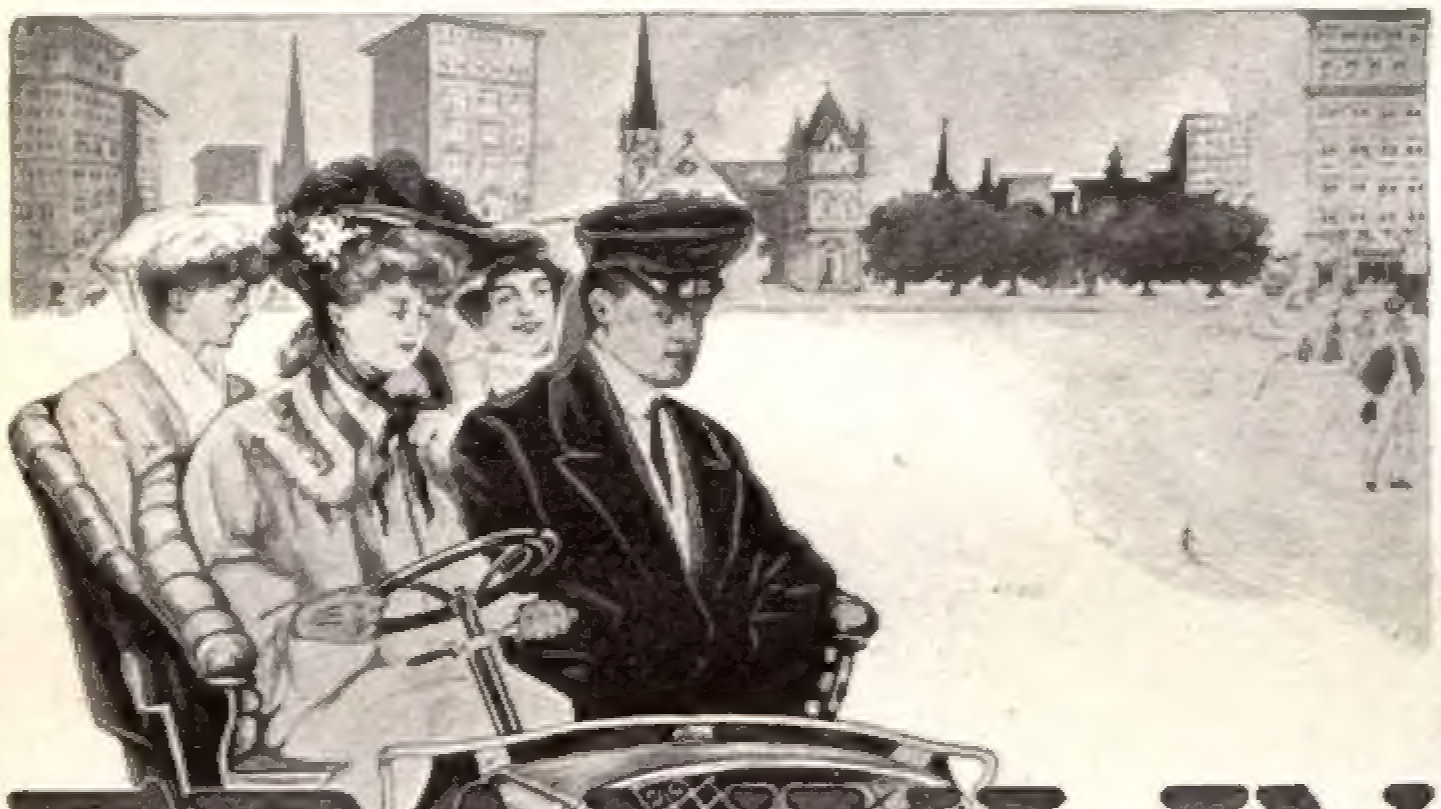

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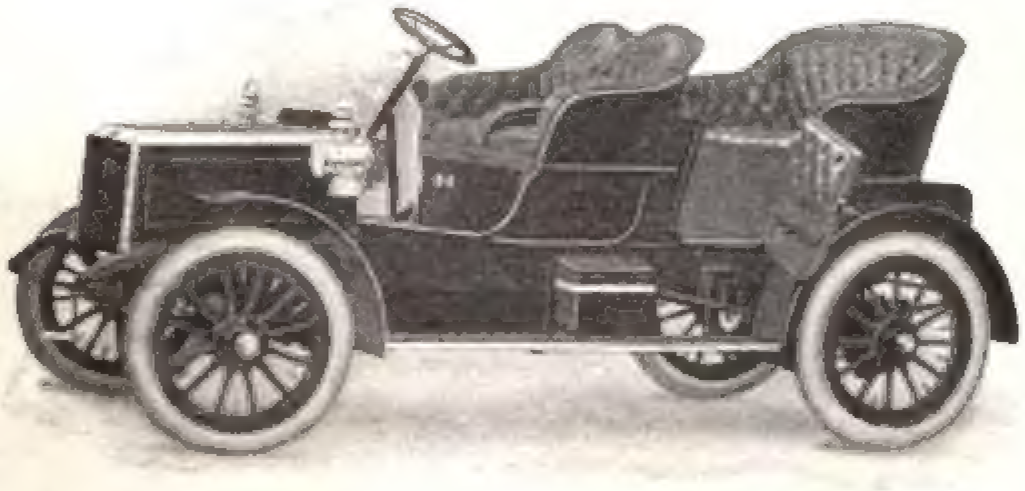

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Judge Parker, of Esopus

The Individual and the Public Man

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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JUDGE PARKER AND MRS. PARKER ON THEIR LAWN AT SUMMER RESIDENCE, ROSEMOUNT

IF IT be permissible and within the politico-literary amenities, I want to suggest at this crisis that as far away as February, and writing from Washington in these pages, I stated as an algebraist of politics that the Presidential "*x*" in the nominational equation of the Democratic party was Judge Parker, and the action at St. Louis has justified my mathematics. And because I had foreseen it, the elevation of Judge Parker to be the White House nominee of his party in no sort astonished me; I received it with calmness, not to say phlegm. Neither did I feel discouraged over the selection of Mr. Davis as Judge Parker's mate; for I am not of those who find fault with youth for being young and the aged for being old. Moreover, where no law is defied, I have ever contended that a man was entitled to anything he wanted, and could pay for.

It had not been my fortune to meet with Judge Parker; he was the man to me unknown except by hearsay, and so, on a certain recent Tuesday, having the day to myself, and being congenitally eaten of an inquiring interest in any gentleman who, however slender the chance, might become a chief magistrate of this country, I embarked, unheralded and uninvited, for Esopus. On the ferryboat, crossing the Hudson from Forty-second Street to the West Shore station, were two well-dressed individuals, both the better or the worse for strong drink. Still, it is but justice to say that they were the best-behaved sots it has ever been my luck to look upon. They got in nobody's way, but, clinging sedulously to their seats as a method of counteracting the unsteady motion of the boat, conversed in low, private, confidential tones. Their English slipped and slummocked, and slid from consonant into vowel with that soft, oozy, oleaginous grace peculiar to the bibulous.

Says one:

"Whass zis town Judgsh Parker livesh at?"

"Sarcophagus," says the other, waxing petulant over his comrade's foolish want of memory; "Sarcophagus. Can't you keep your mind on your number? Judgsh Parker livesh at Sarcophagus."

This episode bore upon me gloomily. I had seen something of that benign Providence which looks after the fortunes of gentlemen submerged of many cups: could it be that now and again some power of prophecy was granted them?

The train flashed across the near-by Jersey marshes at high speed, probably to defeat an invasion of the mosquitoes, which in these savage lands grow exceeding large and ferocious. It flew on through town and hamlet, among others West Point, where our sucking Sheridans are taught their sabre trade of war. In a breath less than two hours and a half it pulled up at Esopus—the Mecca of this pilgrimage. By this time I had become merged with a polite delegation from Alabama, made up of Judge Russell and Mr. Clarke, of the Mobile and Ohio Railway, and Representative Henry Clayton. There were also Mr. Hatcher, of Georgia, and Miss Russell, daughter of the Judge.

It was a long step down for a fat man when the cars stopped at Esopus, for there is no platform to take the strain off the emigrant. Through some frugality of the West Shore Company one steps off upon the gravel. This defect in the reception arrangements is like to be remedied. Excited in a dull way by the nomination of Judge Parker, the railway people are putting up a station, said edifice already being advanced to the stage of sides and roof. The structure is painted a malignant and malodorous grass-green, possibly as a compliment to those Sheehans and O'Briens and McDonalds who daily come and go about Judge Parker, and with whom green is a final color of patriotism.

Opposite the station, the aroused energy of the West Shore has sloped and sodded the bank, and across its verdant face a staring statement, made with milk-white stones, in letters four feet high, reads like this:

1904. Esopus. 1904.

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JUDGE PARKER'S HOME AS SEEN FROM THE HUDSON

The old station is still there, standing gable-end to the tourist. It is of the dog-house school of architecture, and might, for size, serve as the residence of a St. Bernard. I talked with an old, gray, bent man who came out of the dog-house with a red flag under his arm. No, he was not an anarchist; he was the stationmaster. Being questioned, he said he was glad that Judge Parker was nominated. Being questioned exhaustively, he said he was glad because it resulted in the building of the new station.

Judge Parker's son-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Hall, received us at the train. Also there were present a herdic and two fat, self-sufficient horses to haul us to the Parker home, a half mile eastward on the river brink. The herdic would hold but a quartet, wherefore it must make two trips, and in the nature of things Representative Clayton and I waited until it should return.

The Reverend Mr. Hall waited with us. He is young, wise, slender, amiable, and acts as the practical reception committee of Rosemount. He is quick, with a kindly tact, unaffectedly good, and to him should be given credit for two-thirds of the pleasant impressions carried away by those who call upon Judge Parker. The Judge will owe a deal of his popularity to this same urbane, watchful Reverend Mr. Hall.

While I talked with the Reverend Mr. Hall, a reluctant urchin, somewhat smudged of the neighboring soil, which is yellow in these parts, came along. He was in the corrective grasp of one whom I will call his governess, since she looked a cross between a teacher and a nurse. It was not that the boy—about eight years old he was—had a sullen, captured air that enlisted me: it was his blazing hair. I had seen red hair before, but no such red as that. It was eruptive, volcanic, aggressive; it was red without apology or explanation; in the common greenness of things Esopian, including the Sheehan-colored station, it burst upon one like a fire in a forest. As the red rebellionist went by he rolled an eye of appeal toward the Reverend Mr. Hall. The clergyman shook his head. The effulgent

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CHIEF JUSTICE PARKER AND HIS FAVORITE DOG "SENATOR"
ROSEMOUNT, ESOPUS, NEW YORK

child was Parker Hall, grandson of Judge Parker, offspring of the Reverend Mr. Hall. One of the Esopians standing by informed me in a whisper that time was when Judge Parker's own hair blazed as feverishly as did that of his grandchild's. But the generous years have modified it, and sifted the snows upon it, until it has been changed to a fortunate gray.

The herdic returned, and, with the Reverend Mr. Hall for our guide, Representative Clayton and I were rumbled off to Rosemount. We passed through Esopus, which is a village of one street, with houses low-browed and squatty, the notable ones being an unkempt hostelry, half tavern, half boarding-house, and across the way a corner doggery girt about with tin beer signs. Esopus recalled me to the times of that Tennessee poetess, Polly Hines, the Sappho of the 'Possum Trot, where she sings of the village of her sweet nativity:

> Dogville, Dogville;
> A tavern and a still!
> That's all there was in all Dogville.

The half mile to Judge Parker's home is a twisting, turning journey made beneath tall forest trees, oak and beech and maple, and between stone fences of pre-Revolutionary origin. I am reminded of the Revolution because the British fleet in 1777 toiled up the Hudson to this point for the poor triumph of burning Kingston, a harmless hamlet hard by. The trees which shade us, the stone fences, and, for that matter, Judge Parker's own house, stood then as they stand now.

After ten minutes of down hill and up, the road squirming like a hurt snake, we drove in at the stone gates of Rosemount. A white two-story cottage or lodge guards the entrance, and aforetime might have been the quiet home of Judge Parker's gardener or farmer. It now sees livelier times, being the work place of what newspaper men are encamped upon the scene.

The House and Its Surroundings

JUDGE PARKER'S house is big, white, two and a half stories, with a wide veranda all across its front. It faces the Hudson, which, with the ebb and flow of the tides, creeps up and down the base of the bluff upon which the house is planted. The rocking-chairs scattered about the veranda are a round one hundred feet above the river, and the latter's banks, grassy and shaven, pitch downward with so near and steep an eagerness that from the veranda one could toss an apple into the water below. Half-way down the hill is a summer house, and at the foot a little pier, where a naphtha launch frets on her rope, waiting for Judge Parker to fire up, turn mariner and take a cruise.

The Hudson widens away to a mile in front of Rosemount. Half-way across is Esopus Island, the same being a scraggy, shaggy hog-back of rock, all boulders and scrub pines. It is something about a furlong for length, the shape of a ship in its outlines, and lies fore and aft with the river. No one is fool enough to live on it, and it is the property of the State of New York, which Commonwealth must have been thinking of something else when it bought it.

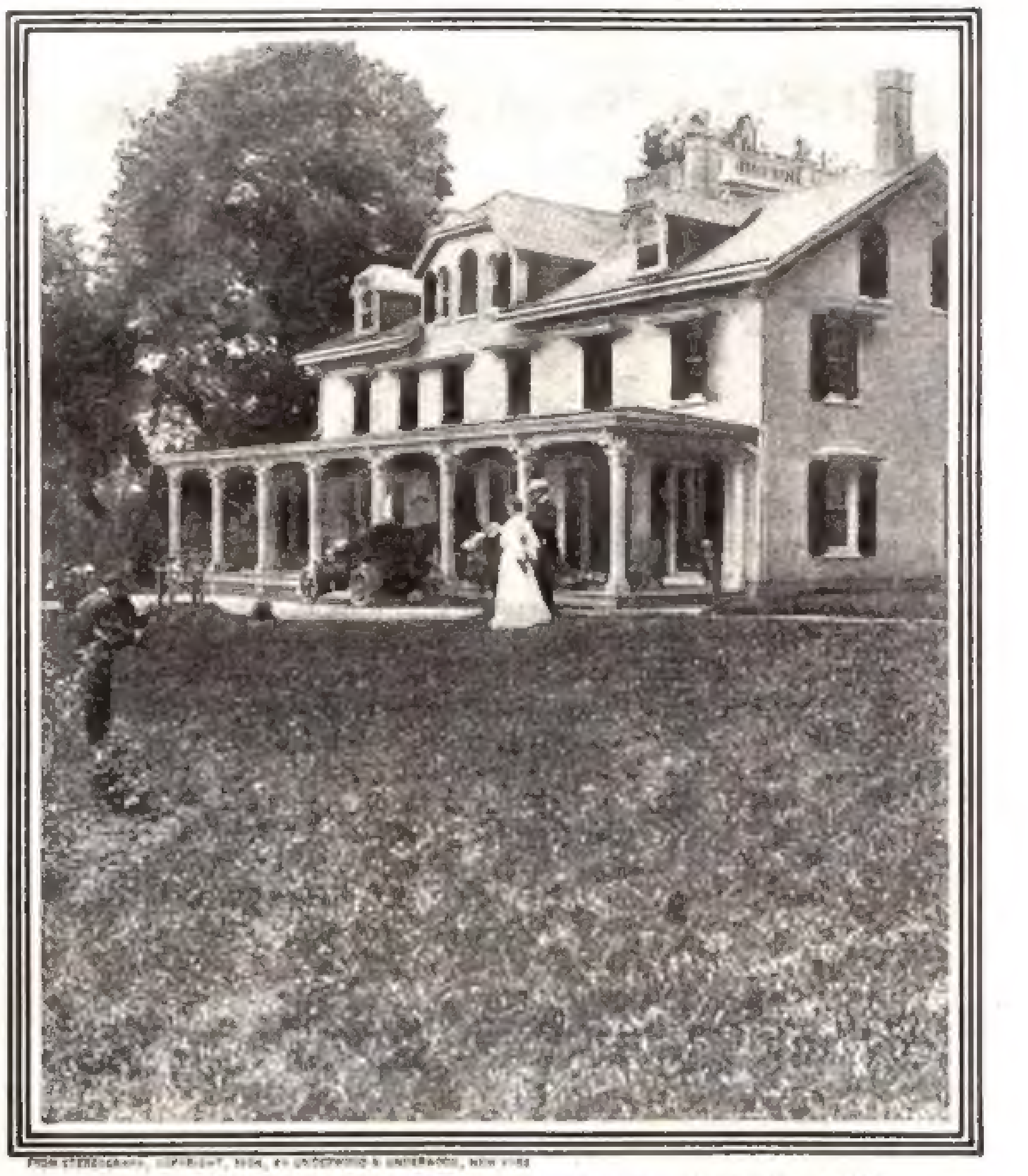
From the Rosemount porches one sees the white sails of little ships, while side-wheel steamers glide up and down. Long tows of brick-barges, puffing tugs for the impulse, toil by, eating their slow way southward against the incoming tide. A flag floats from the mast in front of the house; and that, and the threatening height above the river, give you a military feeling, and set you to glancing about for fortifications and big-throated guns.

Tall trees sentinel the house, and under a near one sat a personage—easel, canvas, umbrella, palette, in short, the real thing in the way of landscape painter, and vastly like the artists one sees depicted in the comic papers. This gentleman was painting a perspective of Judge Parker's house, throwing in, if I remember rightly, a hornless cow or two by way of local color. I peered over his shoulder for a moment, but made no offer for the picture.

The house has no formal hall, and one walks off the porch into Judge Parker's domestic midst, as it were. There are three rooms which touch the front of the house and overlook the river. The low ceilings, in reach of a tall man's hand, make the rooms seem large. The main portion of the house is about a century and a half old, but the original structure has been amplified and extended, with wings added and stories superimposed. The furnishings are good, comfortable, rich, with no gaudy violence of tint to alarm the eye, and spell good taste throughout. To the rear is a long apartment with floods of light. Fat law-books wall it about, and a broad table holds the centre. This is Judge Parker's study. Those of the family whom I met were the Judge, his mother, wife, daughter (wife of the Reverend Mr. Hall), the Reverend Mr. Hall himself, and that coral-headed child.

The herdic backed up and decanted Representative Clayton and myself upon the veranda within two feet of Judge Parker, who stood talking with Senator Bailey, of Texas. Senator Bailey had preceded the party I was with by about two hours, and, as soon as my Congressional friend and I recovered the perpendicular, he was so good as to present us. There was also a blinded Mr. Burke, of Idaho, who, it seems, at proper intervals had cast his vote for Pierce, Buchanan, Douglas, McClellan and the whole long line of Democratic nominees down, down, down to modern times. He was eager to lay the story of his uninterrupted loyalty to party before Judge Parker; but the Reverend Mr. Hall dexterously bore him away to the veranda's farthest end and prevailed upon him to tell his adventures to him instead.

Judge Parker is fifty-two years old, having been born May 14, 1852, and looks six years younger. He shakes hands well, with plenty of grip and no hanging back. There is a deal of difference in hands. Judge Parker's hand is strong, ready, firm: the sort you are willing to shake the second time. Also, he has thick, hairy wrists like pistons, and his thews are as the thews of a blacksmith.



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THE COUNTRY HOME OF JUDGE PARKER AT ROSEMOUNT, SHOWING JUDGE PARKER AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. HALL, BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

Judge Parker stands nearly six feet tall, and is as straight as a spear. He has square, door-wide shoulders, with a big chest and bigger belt. His neck is thick and short and apoplectic, and his eyes, healthy rather than keen, glow with the good humor which belongs to gentlemen whose dinner and stomach are in accord.

A Man of the Concrete and Actual

JUDGE PARKER gives you an out-o'-doors impression, and the last thing he looks like is a judge. He has a rural rather than an urban atmosphere, but carries the effect of having traveled and met many men. He breaks on you as of the sort who build railroads, and issue personally forth with men and mules, and plows and scrapers, and superintend the work. He has a good face: passively strong, not aggressive; heavy, without initiative force; the concrete expression a combination of the coarse and kindly. His chin is prominent, long, round; his under jaw is big and loose, and wanting in vengeful bitterness of angles. His ears are not the smallest in Ulster County, while his mouth, ample and amiable, is half hidden by a carnelian mustache which does not help his looks. His nose is long but tame and uneventful, and just a little arched. He has no emphasis of cheekbones; his eyes are smallish, bright, and light of color.

Years ago Judge Parker's forehead was low; but the hair, fading rather than falling away, has backed from his eyebrows until the result is a frontal expanse of height and good assurance. The forehead is not up and down, but slopes upward and rearward from the eyes—the head of one who sees more than he thinks. There is a roundness to Judge Parker's head like the roundness of an inverted cup, and his hat should be about a number seven; or it may be his wide shoulders and thick neck so far imposed upon the eye that seven and one-eighth is a nearer size. The hair, evenly thin and gray, was once as red as that of the fiery grandson.

As you look upon Judge Parker you see naught to remind you of books. There is no odor of science, no aroma of art, no atmosphere of learning, no feel of fineness, nothing but a pleasant, expansive climax of the commonplace. It will not be forgotten that I pretend to no acquaintance with Judge Parker, and have none. At the best, I was near him two hours; what I give are my impressions, and they may have drifted to leeward of the fact. For all that, I got the thought that he was a reader of newspapers rather than of books, and had no profound learning—no depth of erudition. It may be that his boundless health misled me; or it might have been the sunburn, for his skin was as ruddy as a butcher's. That was the picture I got: a strong, full-blooded man; no violent angers or enmities; no brave theories; no mighty thoughts; placid, yet with the power to laugh; no burning feuds; no torrid friendships; in brief, one of your equal natures, a bit bordering on the ox, and with a bovine heaviness of courage; honest at once and selfish, and more concerned for himself and his than for the neighbors. Altogether he struck me as a man more physical than mental, and one neither nervous nor sensitive. He will not soar with victory; he will not droop with defeat. He will accept the one with a patient gratitude or bear the other with a patient fortitude that never fails to tell of a Dutchman in one's ancestral tree.

When a gentleman asks to be your President it is your privilege and your duty to think with the bridle off. It isn't as though you considered a private person; in that event it would be incumbent upon you to be unflaggingly right. Where one seeks position as your Governor or your President you are bound merely to be honest. You must come to the inquiry in a spirit of truth, and be able at the close to give a reason for every hope within you. Also, you should do your own thinking; and when you've got it thought, you ought to say it.

The Record of His Beginnings

WHERE you possess no close acquaintance with an individual, and have made no long and personal study of his kind, your best, indeed your sole, chance to come by his measurements is to study his record and consider the company he keeps. To the most of us, Judge Parker is a personality excessively unknown. Considered Presidentially, he is a tremendous case of a pig in a poke. It is not as though he had been years, nay, decades, in the arena of a persistent publicity. It is not as if his past were marked by fire-fed deeds that, flowing aloft, had lighted to the curious eye each nook and corner of his nature. He is the modern Franklin Pierce. The best you can do in the way of personal observation is what I did: you may shake him by the hand; you may listen, and look him over.

And this, with the last word, should tell you little. Not from design, but in the essence of those materials from which men are made, Judge Parker, since his nomination, and when strangers are by, must be on dress parade. He will be acting; he will be saying the thing you like to hear and failing to say the thing you don't like to hear; and all with a best integrity of motive. His business is to allay alarm, invoke confidence, attract support.

I know a policeman who, south of Fourteenth Street, is a Democrat and a Catholic, and who, north of that thoroughfare, is a Republican and a Protestant. He follows closely the rule for success laid down by Machiavelli, and matches his region and mates with his times. And yet that supple officer in blue but expresses in exaggeration what is a commonest trait of humanity. Whether we deal with man or woman, whether it be an occasion of business, or politics, or love, we go reaching for agreement, fishing for consent, and as a readiest method we seem in look, and word, and sentiment, and sort whatever the taste or fancy of him or her at whose indorsement we are aiming will most thoroughly approve and most quickly accept. And this is as true of humanity when it asks to be your President as when it asks to be your cook.

Judge Parker was born at Cortland, New York, in the neighborhood where he now lives, a shaving over a half century ago. His people, on the father's side, hailed from Massachusetts. His boyhood was fortunate in two matters: it was a country boyhood, and one poor in money. This last is not sarcasm, nor cynicism; I know of nothing more morally, mentally, physically deadly than a cradle of gold.

As a boy, Judge Parker attended the schools of Cortland. Beginning at the age of sixteen he devoted his winters to teaching country schools. It is worth a note that in every school the teacher learns more than the student. At the age of twenty-one Judge Parker studied law, and in due season was called to the bar. The theatre of his practice-to-be was his home county of Ulster.

From the beginning Judge Parker attracted attention as a politician rather than a lawyer. Politically, he began as a manager and not as a candidate. He conducted a campaign, while yet the new down of a first beard was on his face, for Judge Shoonmaker, in whose office he had studied law. He succeeded; and then, on its occurring to him that if he could win for Judge Shoonmaker he could win for himself, he personally sought the post of surrogate. He was elected, and held the office for years.

Politics in New York is hard and iron-bound; it is without sentiment, and has no principle save the principle of success. This is as true of country as of town, as true of the cornfields as of Tammany Hall. Victory is the only virtue, defeat the only crime—in New York. Judge Parker knew these things; he saw no visitors, courted no dreams, lapsed into no trances. Patiently, practically, he added one man to another, and the two to somebody else, until the result of his additions was the control of the county of Ulster.

Judge Parker's steady successes, and the unsentimental consistency of the means by which they were achieved, attracted in 1885 the notice of Mr. Hill, about to make his first canvass for the Governorship. Mr. Hill asked Judge Parker to assume the practical management of his campaign. Mr. Hill desired to be Governor; it was Judge Parker's duty to go forth as a reaper of politics and garner those majorities which should make for the end in view. Judge Parker, then in his thirty-third year, became the political manager of Mr. Hill. When the polls closed he had elected his man.

In 1885 I was in the Texas Panhandle, which is a far cry from New York. I knew little of New York, and less of Mr. Hill, and must leave it to older and better posted minds to say just how much honesty, and elevation, and patriotism, and high principle Mr. Hill at that time desired or demanded in the management of his political interests. Whatever the measurements of those demands, both for quantity and quality, they would seem to have been fulfilled by Judge Parker, whom Mr. Hill, when Governor, rewarded with an early appointment to the Supreme Bench. That was eighteen years ago. Speaking generally, and skipping details, Judge Parker has occupied the Supreme or the Court of Appeals Bench ever since.

There you have an outline sketch of Judge Parker's record, and you are to make your own deductions therefrom as to his kind and character of man. Briefly, to have succeeded where he did, and when he did, and how he did must have called tremendously for traits of industry and persistency, and a thorough knowledge of the New York man. To win those fights for Judge Shoonmaker, for himself and for Mr. Hill meant sleeplessness and incessant toil, and Judge Parker must have furnished them. Also, to win those fights would preclude the impression of any extreme refinement of patriotism. One would as well look for refinement in soap-boiling or delicacy in a slaughter-house as in the practical management of party in New York. More, Mr. Hill has never been a transcendentalist in politics; never talked or written of the oversoul when seeking office.

The Inference from His Nomination

NO NATIVE greatness is to be inferred in favor of Judge Parker merely because of his nomination. He was nominated at the desire of the South and West. They required a New York man; and it was left to the Democracy of New York to select him. Under these narrowed conditions Judge Parker was pitched upon: not because he was big but because he was bigger than those about him. There are no giants, but only pygmies, in the Democracy of New York. You are not at liberty, therefore, to infer a cloud-capped eminence for Judge Parker because of that nomination. The poor, on demand, can but give you their best. In this instance they have done so, and it is for you to say how good it is when laid down and compared with how good it should be.

Somewhere above I submitted some probable callousness of patriotism, some dimness of a public ideal, on the side of one who could catch and match the political approval of Mr. Hill. It might likewise be surmised that he who sat tongueless throughout the Judge Maynard scandal, and whose voice was not raised in condemnation when the snap convention stole the State from Mr. Cleveland, must have been gifted of a political honesty that was capable of strong self-restraint. On those occasions of burning shame a brave man and a statesman would have been heard. By the same token, a prudent man, and a politician who bore himself and his own personal fortunes excessively upon his slope of thought, might have abode as moveless and as mute as any image. Senator Bailey admires Judge Parker; but I discovered by question-putting that what he admired was Judge Parker's genius for practical politics. Senator Dubois admires Judge Parker; but I discovered by question-putting that what he admired was Judge Parker's genius for practical politics. Both were concerned for a party rather than a public welfare; and since my interest was swinging on the latter limb of inquiry I did not think myself much aided by their conclusions.

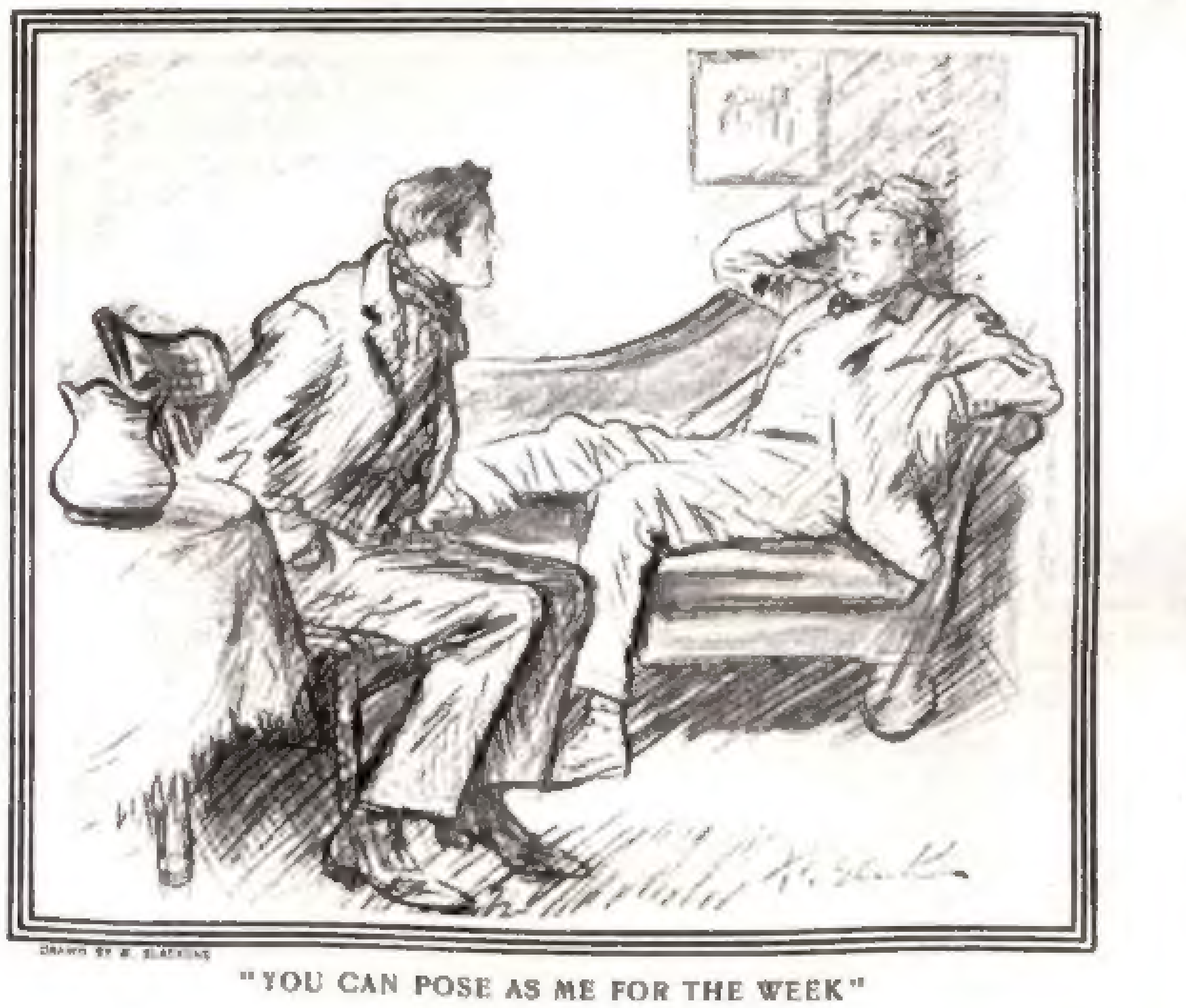
Aside from a man's record, one may best discover his kind and his attributes—and this I said before—by discovering the company he keeps. To me, at least, those Sheehans and McDonalds and O'Briens who belt Judge Parker round, and upon whom he throws himself in confidence, prove marvelously discouraging. And that they are there demonstrates that while Judge Parker may be wise as a politician in the straitened definition of mere New York, he is dull to desperation in that broader, deeper insight of politics required when one traffics with the Nation. He may know the New York man, as his triumph for himself and Mr. Hill in 1885 would go far to prove. On the other hand, the present comings and goings of the Sheehans and the McDonalds and the O'Briens display beyond distrust that he does not know the man beyond New York.

These were the thoughts that came and went with me while I considered Judge Parker and sought to solve him into his elements as a personality; and by their light he dwindled. After I had seen him and considered him I liked him personally better, but I held him personally less. He is not a great man; he is a slow man; and his dominant attribute is caution. He is not timid nor treacherous, nor bold nor crafty; he is cautious. Not but what he has courage; not but what he is equal to intrigue; but a dominating prudence oversees them. In the narrow New York sense of the machine, he equals the highest estimates of Senator Bailey and Senator Dubois. Their admirations were properly addressed. He is a politician, machinely speaking. You see it in the eye, you feel it in the bluff grasp. It is brought vigorously home when you discover that the frankness wherewith he overwhelmed you lay wholly in his manner and not in what he

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Reincarnation of Rourke—By Wilbur D. Nesbit

I SUPPOSE it was my father and mother that begun this thing of calling me "Red," when I was a baby, by reason of the rosy hair I had. Barring maybe a hand's breadth that has got discouraged and quit blazing on top of my head, I am as red as ever; and you may know that three months' work in the stone quarry, under the sun, came pretty near shading my skin to match my hair. So it was natural, but not so blamed pleasant, if I must say it, that the fellows in the quarry should at once give me the name of "Red." It's funny how a nickname sticks to a man. No matter how far he goes from his first home, nor how much side he puts on, some one is sure to see why he should be given a nickname, and always it is the one he has gone away to dodge. I'm not stabbing a fifty-pound drill into the unprotesting rock nowadays, nor pouring in a couple handfuls of coarse powder and tamping the fuse down with a lot of crushed stone for a living, but I'll never forget the time when I was the best man that ever blasted limestone off a ledge. I was a young man then—I'm a young man yet—but as I say, I am an object of worry to the barbers because before long I'll not have any hair for them to suggest tonics for. I was young then, anyhow—just turned twenty-six, and I was strong as a bull and nervy as a—as an Irishman, which I am, anyhow, and I am glad of it and I can lick the first man that laughs. Well, then, I had been working in the quarry at Macedon for three months when this incident happened. No, I don't mean the loss of part of my hair, but the incident I am telling about. I was a well muscled, straight young fellow, and if I hadn't been broke when I struck Macedon, and if I could have found any other work I wouldn't have been in the quarry. But it is good training for a man—only a little of it goes a long ways. But I'll tell you the incident:



"YOU CAN POSE AS ME FOR THE WEEK"

One morning I was up on top of the ledge at the south side of the quarry, drilling a hole for a blast, when a stranger came walking along and looked at me as if he were studying me. I didn't pay so much attention to him then, but pretty soon a fine-looking girl came along, too, and she walked up beside the stranger and said:

"Let's sit down and watch the man work."

They sat down on a log there. You could see that they knew each other. She was a mighty good-looking girl. And she had a way of looking at this man as if she was satisfied that he knew everything that was worth knowing. Pretty soon she got to asking him about what I was doing, and then I had a chance to size him up, pretending to be fixing the leather hand stall I was wearing to keep the drill from blistering my palm. Well, it give me a start, because the fellow looked enough like me to be me myself. He had the red hair and the freckles and he was just about my height and build, and I noticed when he talked that he had something of my style of talking, although, of course, he was more familiar with his language. That is, he was acquainted with the long words better than I was. Since then I've met a few of the big words and am not afraid of them any more, but at that time I had to go easy when I got into conversation with any one. This fellow and the girl sat there and watched me work, and made observations about it. It made me mad, too, at first, but it wasn't long until I could see a little fun in it. They were sizing me up for all the world as if I was a new animal or plant they had discovered. I took a fancy to the girl—she was that sympathetic. But the man wasn't. I heard her say something in a low tone, and then he said:

"Oh, no, Hortense. It does not seem so to him. Poor fellow. It is what he has been brought up to. We must all fit our particular niche in the world."

"But," she says, "Charles, suppose you were following such an occupation as this. With your mental equipment it would give you a broader outlook on life." Oh, she talked like a professor! "But then," she says, "it would be far too hard for you to do, wouldn't it?"

Now, I've noticed one thing about men, big and little, old and young. You hint that they are not strong enough to handle any kind of hard work and you start an argument.

"Nonsense," says the fellow. "I could do such work as well as that man—if not better."

Then they got up and started on, walking up real close to me as they did so, to see over into the quarry. The girl looked at me with a lot of interest, and says:

"He is really an intellectual-looking person, Charles."

"Yes," says Charles, "but notice how he handles himself. See the working of the muscles in his arms. His very build goes to show that nature meant him for this class of work."

"I don't believe nature has much to do with what work a man does," answered the girl. But I could see that she sympathized with me just as you or I do with a dray horse.

They walked on away, arguing with each other about me and my work, and as long as they were in sight I could see him waving his hand to make his points strong. Once in a while he would turn around and look back at me.

Well, every day for a week he would come around to the quarry and watch the work, and most of the time he would be near me. He seemed to have something on his mind, and I kept wondering what it might be. Sunday morning I found out, because he came around to my boarding-house and asked for me. I invited him into the parlor.

"Mr. Rourke," he said, "I have learned your name by making a few inquiries, and you may have noticed me about the quarry several times this last week."

I told him I believed I did recall seeing him there.

"My name is Charles Hampton," he said. "I am a student of sociology, and I have noticed that there is a great resemblance between you and me."

"So have I," I says, and you may believe me or not, but he didn't look as if my words pleased him.

"To come to the point," he says, "I should like to trade places with you."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Just this. It will be a great help to me in certain lines of work if I can get by actual experience the information I want as to the condition of the laboring man. The trouble has been that I can't get a position in the way I want to get it because first I have to explain why I want to do the work. The result is it is always made too easy for me. Now, you and I look enough alike for me to wear your clothes and hold your place without any one detecting the deception. Then I could be sure of getting the actual experience of the toiler."

I think those were about his words, anyway it's the gist of them. I was turning the idea over in my head when he asked:

"What do you say, Mr. Rourke?"

"I was just wondering," I says, "what is to become of me all this time that you are holding my job."

"Why, that's easy enough. You can take my clothes and go to my room at the Woodside Hotel below town, and you can pose as me for a week."

"'Twould be a good rest for me," I says, not thinking of anything else but the fun of loafing and getting three good meals a day.

"Is it a go?" he asks.

"It is," I says. And he came up to my room, where we talked for the matter of an hour about what he was to do when he went to the quarry—little things like reporting to the timekeeper, which drill to take out of the tool-house, where to get the powder and fuse, and all that. The names of the other men did not bother him; he knew all of them by sight. He had been planning the whole thing all the time he had been loafing around the quarry. So he said he wanted to get a good start by seeing how a workingman's Sunday went, and we changed clothes right then and there, and I walked out of my room in his suit, and on downstairs and out toward the gate.

"Did you see Mr. Rourke?" asked Mrs. Gill, the landlady, as I was going down the walk.

"I did," says I, "and a very nice young man I find him."

"True for you, Mr. Hampton," she says.

So it was as Charles Hampton that I walked out of the yard, twirling a nobby little cane and swinging my shoulders just as I had seen him doing. It's odd how clothes affect a man's ideas of himself. There I was in another man's outfit, and for all the world I felt as if I was the other man. I was glad I had had a shave that morning. I stuck my hand in the coat pocket and found a nice soft handkerchief with some kind of ladylike perfume on it—nothing strong or noticeable, just a soft kind of a scent. Then I ran my hand into the pants pocket on one side and came on a roll of bills. With that I stuck the other hand in the other pocket, dropping the cane on the sidewalk—but there wasn't any money on that side. I picked up the cane, looking around to see if any one had noticed; and as I raised up I saw a middle-aged lady across the street. She smiled at me and called over:

"Good-morning. I am just returning from my constitutional, too, Professor Hampton. You may walk back to the hotel with me, if you like. Hortense was lazy and would not come along."

I went across, wondering who she was.

"Goodness!" she says, "how tanned you are getting!"

"Yes, I find the outdoor life doing wonders for me."

I was as fresh and glib as they make them, those days, and I had made up my mind that if Hampton was to do me credit in the quarry I would do as much for him elsewhere.

"And you are hoarse, too," says the lady. "I told you to be careful about sitting on the veranda at night."

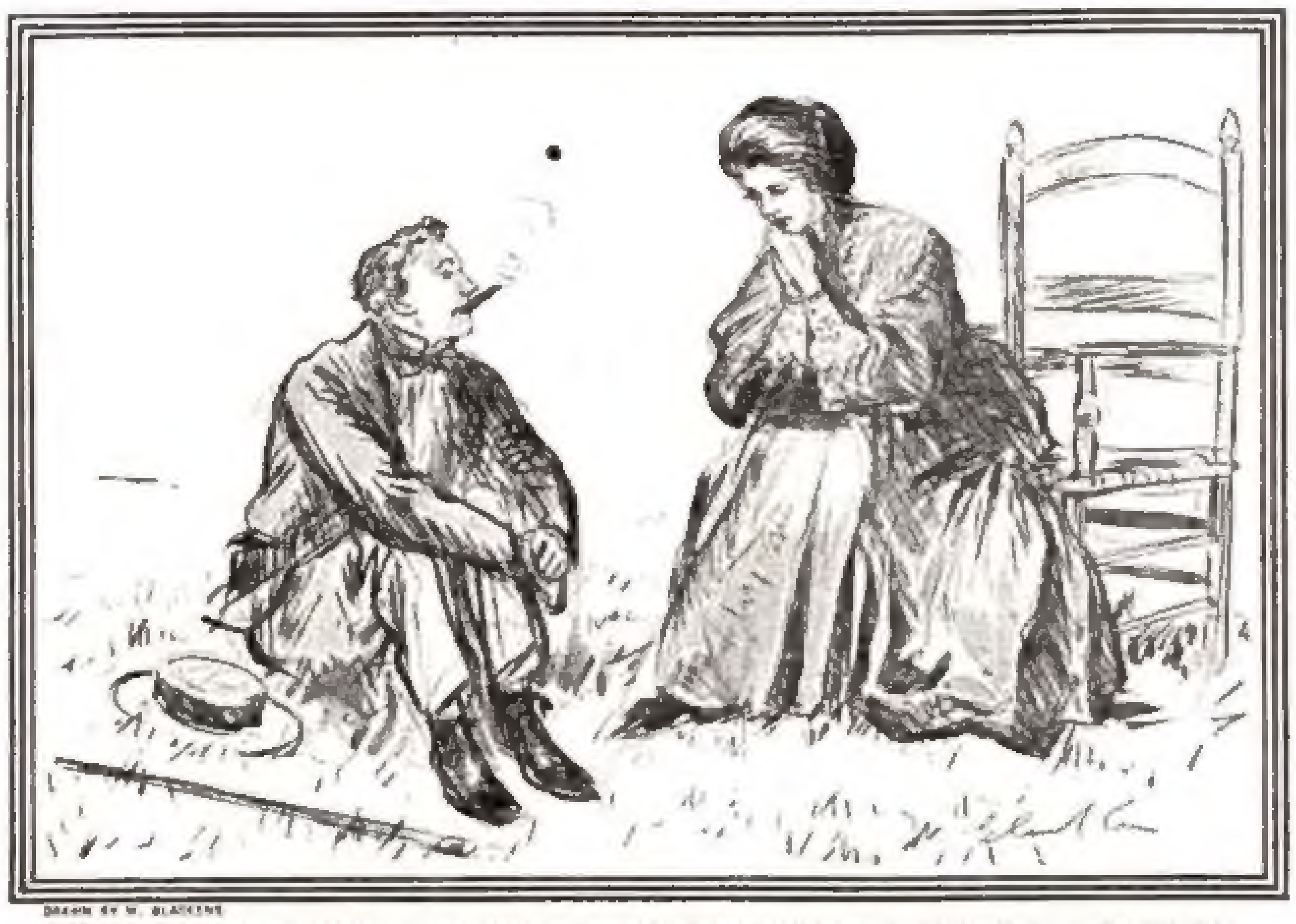
She chatted along pretty lively until we got to the hotel. I was glad she was with me, because I didn't know anything about the place. I kept alongside her until we got to the door of the office.

"Professor Hampton," the clerk says, "I sent a telegram to your room. The boy didn't find you in, and left it on the table for you. He thought you were possibly in the hall somewhere."

Where was my room? I began to have doubts about this game, after all.

II

NOW the smartest thing I ever did in my life I believe I did that Sunday morning after I had told the clerk to send some ice water to my room, and followed the bellboy to it. I found out, as well as I could, what kind of a man I was supposed to be. I looked over all the books in Hampton's room—that is, in my room. And I found a lot of written things on the table and in the table drawer—essays, you might call them. They were about the condition of the laboring man and the outcome of the labor troubles and the equality of mankind, and all that sort of thing. The books were along the same lines. This gave me a hint as to my character. But it worried me. Hampton had the best end of the trade. Swinging a drill was nothing, I thought, to making a bluff that I knew what all this was about. Just the same, I read through a lot of the stuff, skipping here and there and trying to hit as many of the high places as I could, and by the time dinner was ready I felt a little more as if I had been introduced to myself.


DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

"OH, I'M NOT SUCH A BLIND MAN AS SOME PEOPLE THINK," I BRAGGED

I had figured it all out that the middle-aged lady who met me on the street and walked back to the hotel with me was Hortense's mother, and I had heard some one on the veranda speak to her as "Mrs. Warden," so it stood to reason that Hortense was Hortense Warden. With this as a foothold I put two and two together. I had always seen Hampton—that is, myself—with Hortense, therefore it also stood to reason that he was her beau. Consequently, and furthermore, that being the case, I must not let Hortense think that her beau was overlooking his duties during the coming week. As I was going down the stairs to the dining-room I decided that a man who went walking every day with a young woman would be most likely to eat dinner with her, especially when they were living at the same hotel. So when I went into the dining-room and saw Mrs. Warden and Hortense sitting at a table together, I made straight for that table, nodding to the folks that spoke to me as I passed them.

"Are we to have the honor of your company to-day?" asked Mrs. Warden when she saw me making for the chair across the table from Hortense.

"And why not?" I asked, as offhand as I could, for I was looking at Hortense all the time, and she was blushing.

"It is as much a surprise to me as it is to mamma," says Hortense. "We are awfully glad to have you, but you always seem to prefer to poke yourself away off in that corner all alone and spoil your digestion by thinking too much while you eat."

I saw right away that I hadn't Sherlock Holmesed the dinner situation properly, but it didn't phase me.

"I'm turning over a new leaf," I said, unfolding my napkin. Then, to make myself strong and prepare them for any further breaks I might make during that week, I went on, "I've been studying and working too much and I want to give myself a few days of rest and play."

"A good idea, Professor," Mrs. Warden said.

"I think so, too," said Hortense. "But you are as brown as a berry and look perfectly well. The outdoor life is agreeing with you, even if you are studying and working so much."

Somewhere inside of me I felt that queer little tingle that comes to a man when he realizes that he is being made fun of. At that time, though, I figured it that Hortense was laughing at my excuse for sitting with them. Well, I says to myself, Hortense, you're a pretty girl, and I'd be willing to make excuses to make you laugh every day of your life. I got along fairly well during that dinner. Once or twice I didn't know which fork to use, but when that happened I let myself fall into a brown study until one of the ladies would begin using the right one.

"Now, Professor Hampton," said Mrs. Warden, after I had waited about five minutes to see which fork she would use for her lettuce and tomatoes, "you told us you were not going to think or work any more for a while, and here you are in deep thought already."

"A man can think deeply of things that he isn't working on, Mrs. Warden," I told her.

But after that I gauged myself so as to simply play a close second to one of them in the matter of forks and spoons.

After dinner I suggested to Hortense that we might find it pleasant to sit under the trees in the grove in front of the hotel. She agreed, and we sauntered out there. Mrs. Warden asked us to excuse her. She said she had some letters to write, and asked Hortense if she had not intended writing some, too. She smiled kind of knowingly at Hortense. I got jealous right away. Why should Hortense accept so many attentions from me and put in part of her Sundays writing to some one else. If Hampton had stood for it I was not the kind of man to let it go on. It was plain to me that Hampton had been studying sociology when he might better have been studying womanology. Hortense said she believed her letters could wait, and I said:

"It may be a good idea to let him wait a day longer for the letter. I have observed that such an experience is beneficial to young men."

"Why, Professor," Mrs. Warden said with a giddy little laugh, "I did not suppose a sobersides like you ever gave thought to such affairs."

"Still waters," I says, "run deep," and tried to look wise.

I found Hortense a nice shady place and a good easy chair, and then went back to the hotel and got some cigars. Right there was break—bad break—number one. The clerk said:

"I thought you were opposed to smoking, Professor."

"So I am," I said, looking him in the eye. "But I find it necessary to study the effect of tobacco upon the system."

"One excuse," he says with a cheap kind of a grin, "is as good as another."

"I will thank you to give me the cigars and no comment," I replied, looking through him at the bell board. He wilted like a rock shoveler when the boss calls him down for being an hour late, or drunk the night before.

But when I walked back to join Hortense, with a cigar poked in the corner of my mouth and a satisfied smile on my face, I thought she was going to fall off her chair.

"What?" she cried. "You smoking!"

"To be sure," I answered. "Why not?"

"After all you have said about the tobacco habit being one of the serious vices of the working-class, and that the——"

"But I'm not one of the working-class for a few days," I told her. And that was the truth.

I laid down on the grass at her feet, and puffed away at my cigar, and laughed half the time at the way she would keep on exclaiming that she never was so surprised in her life and she never would have dreamed of me smoking.

"You needn't ever be surprised at anything a man does, Hortense," I said.

"I think I never shall be," she said.

"A man," I said, thinking I might as well play the Professor for a while and give a little lecture, "a man is just like any other animal. A man is an animal, anyhow, the best way you look at him. He may fool you by pretending to be a heavy thinker and a wise talker, but take him by and large, and the most he wants is plenty to eat and wear, and a little more than is good for him to drink, and as much tobacco as he can smoke without ruining his heart."

She looked down at me and smiled and nodded.

"He will study the stars," I said, "and the dead and living languages, and the history of the world, but he always knocks off at meal-times and can find time to skip part of his studying if he thinks he ought to have some more clothes."

"I begin to believe that man is a reasoning animal," she said.

"He would like to be," I replied. "He would like to be. But what is the good of reasoning. He can reason till the cows come home, as the saying is, and then he doesn't know whether that is where he gets off or if he should have stayed on till the car got to the barns. No. Give him enough to eat and wear and drink and smoke—and—and a good looking woman to talk to—a woman that he can make believe he is a reasoning animal, as you call it—and he is satisfied."

"I must say," she remarked, "that your decision to free yourself of study and work for a while has improved you. I have never heard you talk with such an unpedagogical air. It is refreshing."

"I hope to make myself still more entertaining," I said. "That is, unless you continue to have so many letters to write."

This was a chance shot, but it told. She drew herself up stiffly and thanked me for reminding her of it, and said she would leave me to my meditations and my cigar while she wrote her letter, if I thought that she had better get it out of the way.

"Not on my account," I begged, sitting up. "I ask your pardon! You see, this sudden change of mine from work to play has made me a trifle thoughtless about what I say, but you won't mind that, will you?"

It's a way the Irish have. I don't know that it is what they say, but it is either that or the way they say it. There's no woman can hold her wrath against them. She settled back in her chair and laughed.

"How did you know I wrote letters to — to any one?"

"Oh, I'm not such a blind man as some people think," I bragged.

She blushed at that, and then she changed the subject, and we talked a lot about books and music and things in general. I quoted a lot of the stuff I had read in Hampton's room, some of it from his own essays and articles, and I guess I made good, all right. But there were times when it seemed to me she looked at me peculiarly.

"Are we going to walk around by the quarry again to-morrow?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Couldn't we take some other walk? I'm growing tired of that one. Besides, you know, I am not going to let my mind dwell on my work this week."

"But you seemed so taken with that man Rourke," she argued.

"So I am," I replied. "So I am."

"And so am I," she said. "Somehow, there is something interesting about that man to me."

"I am not surprised at all," I said. "He is an interesting study."

"But you will be discussing him from a scientific standpoint again," she laughed. "Let's wait until we go to the quarry again to-morrow."

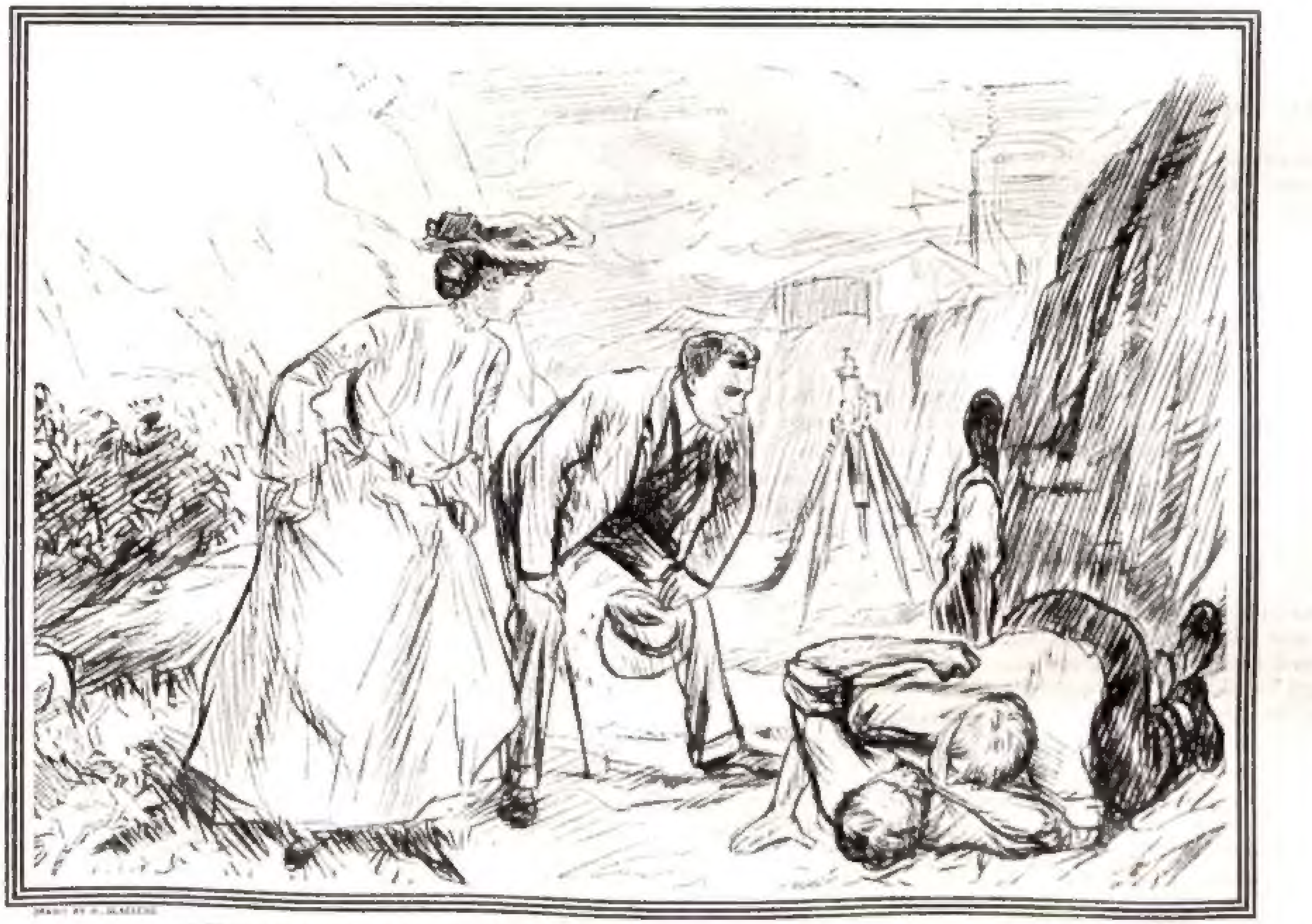
After all, I thought to myself, it would be best for us to go to the quarry first. I knew about how Hampton would act there — that is, when he was looking on. And besides, I had a curiosity to see how he would be doing my work.

I don't suppose Professor Charles Hampton ever will live down the reputation I gave him at the Woodside Hotel that night. I sat out on the veranda until midnight, smoking cigars and telling stories that made everybody yell with laughter. What did I care? It would be up to him to make the explanations. "Live while you're living" was my motto for that week, and I began living up to that motto at once. I crowned the evening's work by sitting down at the big piano in the main corridor and thumping out an accompaniment to a ragtime song. You know I always could hammer out chords on the piano, and a ragtime song always was meat and drink to me.

Mrs. Warden and Hortense said they really were glad to see me enjoying myself and that they thought it would do me a world of good to relax completely from the strain of my work. I told them I thought they were right about it.

"And besides," says Hortense to me, while I was walking down the veranda with her, "you don't know how much pleasanter you are now than when you have your mind on those old musty books and ideas you love so well."

"Probably I have my mind on an ideal now," I whispered. I wanted to help Hampton along, if I could.



I WAS LEANING OVER WITH MY HANDS ON MY KNEES AND URGING THEM ON

III

DO YOU know that song called "Oh, happy day?"

Monday night I sang it to myself for two hours, sitting in my room — Hampton's room — and smoking more of those big cigars. It was the only day in my life that I ever enjoyed working in a quarry, and this time I was — what is that word that means that somebody else is doing it for you? Yes, "vicariously." I was working vicariously.

Along when the sun was getting in its best licks and the women were trying to get a nickel's worth of shade under a forty-dollar parasol, Hortense and I started for our stroll to the quarry. She said we would go our favorite path, and led me across the fields below town. As far as I was concerned, I was a blind man and she was the gentle dog leading me. Understand, I don't mean anything disrespectful in the comparison, as far as she is considered. I was blind, and glad of it. She was the prettiest thing that ever worried the heart of man, and that morning I wondered if they made them any prettier. She had on some kind of white filmy stuff that nobody but Kellar or Hermann could have changed into a shirtwaist; and she wore what she called a sun hat that was sun, moon and stars and all the rest of heaven for me. Let me defend myself. I was Professor Charles Hampton, hitherto, as far as I could gather, a fossilized old stick-in-the-mud that was trying to decide what he ought to think of people that didn't care what he thought of them, when he ought to have been trying to make a beautiful girl come to some conclusion about what she was going to think of him. And, as Hampton, I had dropped all my foolishness and concluded to enjoy life for a week. That was why I surprised her by finding wild strawberries for her, and picking wild flowers for her, and singing little snatches of Irish love songs that she said she never thought I knew anything about. God is good to the Irish.

After a while we came to the quarry, and when I saw the sight on the ledge at the south side I wanted to lay down and roll and shriek with laughter.

There I stood — that is, Hampton stood — with the sweat running down into my eyes, with my sleeves rolled up and my arms already blistered; and I was handling that drill as if it was red hot. I was jabbing away at the rock as if I was afraid of bending the drill, and my eyes were rolling around as if I was about to cry: "Come and rescue me!" And the foreman was climbing up from the bottom of the quarry, with murder in his eyes, because I had accidentally knocked about fifteen pounds of chip rock on to his head.

"How tired the poor man looks," said Hortense, when we sat down on the log.

The poor man looked our way at the words, and his skin got redder than ever, and he made one last effort to straighten up and drill like a real tarrier.

"Yes," I said to Hortense, keeping Hampton in the corner of my eye, "and doubtless he is tired with good reason. From Saturday night to Monday morning usually is a season of dissipation with these men."

This was a speech I had heard before, and it struck Hampton like a belated echo. He let go of his drill and began looking at his hands. The palms of them were raw.

"My good man," I said to him kindly, "why do you not take the leathers from your hip pockets and fasten them on your hands? Thus you would avoid blistering yourself."

He got the hand stalls out and put them on, grumbling.

"They are ungrateful, are they not?" I asked Hortense.

"Perhaps he has been so busy he had not time to think of them," she suggested.

"Oh, he's been busy, all right enough," I answered, trying to keep my face straight. "Satan would lose time waiting around this place to give work to idle hands."

Just then the foreman came over the ledge and made for Hampton.

"Say, you redheaded, mule-footed son of a gun!" he began politely. (It was polite, for him.) "What the blue blazes do you mean by kicking a ton of rock on to my head when I'm trying to call up to you how many holes to make before we touch off the next blast?"

"What's that?" asked Hampton.

"I say, you red-headed, splay-footed idiot, that you knocked a wagon load of rock on to me!" The foreman was getting up close to Hampton, and Hampton had dropped his drill and was breathing hard.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"This!"

But Hampton ducked just as the fist led for his jaw, and then there was the prettiest mix up you ever heard of. Why, I saw Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight twice, but I want to say that this fight made theirs look like a church reception. Before Hampton came up from his duck he had landed four or five times in the foreman's short ribs, and as he straightened up he was working hand over hand as fast as he could land them, biff, biff, biff, clear up to the foreman's hair. And the foreman was not idle, either. He was doing his full duty, and when the two of them clinched and went to the ground in a dog fall the score was about even. Hortense had been standing there like a statue, but I was leaning over with my hands on my knees and urging them on. All of a sudden I felt some one put her hand on my shoulder and heard:

"Do you think this is a good way to study humanity? Make them stop!"

So I rushed over and grabbed the two of them and jerked them apart. As soon as they got on their feet the foreman glared at me and said:

"This is my day for licking red heads! You keep out of this and let us settle it."

And Hampton caught my shoulder and shook his fist under my nose and said if I didn't mind my own business he'd give me a poke in the slats. Those were his very words!

"It's nothing to me," I said grandly, for I could feel that I was getting good and strong with Hortense. "It is nothing to me how much you brutes maul each other, but in the interest of humanity I must not stand idly by and witness such a disgraceful affair."

"You've got nothing to do with this," says Hampton, trying to get at the foreman again.

"That so?" I came back at him. "Now, my man, you keep quiet and behave yourself, for you know mighty well just what I can do."

He understood that I meant I would give the snap away, so he picked up his drill and said things under his breath.

"That don't tell me anything," said the foreman.

"It don't, don't it, Marty Morgan?" I snapped. "Well, take a look at this and see what you read there."

And I poked my big right fist between his eyes, just hard enough to jar his head a little. "Now, you run along down into the quarry and don't act so ungentlemanly when there's ladies present."

"Rourke," he says, turning to Hampton. "You can go and get your time. You're fired."

"Fire a man because he can whip you?" I asked. It was all off; I could see that. My week of fun was spoiled right there if Morgan fired Hampton. "Have a little reason about you."

But Marty kept on storming around, while all the gang in the quarry was looking on and Hortense was gasping in astonishment. Finally I took Marty by the arm and led him off to one side and whispered in his ear for a while. When I got through he was grinning like a chessy cat, and he came back and apologized to Hortense and told Hampton he could stay on the job.

No, I hadn't told Marty Morgan that I was Rourke and that the man he took for Rourke was Hampton. I told him that I would give him ten dollars to keep Hampton on the rest of the week and that after that he could fire him or whip him, or both, as he pleased; but that the lady with me was so tender-hearted that she wanted me to interfere this morning. So that made things agreeable all round.

(*Continued on Page 22*)

THE LAP OF LUXURY

II—Luxury in Dress

BY RENÉ BACHE

GOOD clothes are an expression of morality as applied to the human superficies, and it is not without reason that a well-dressed person is treated with greater respect even by strangers on account of his or her attire, which should be, so to speak, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. The pleasure of being perfectly gowned has been said to surpass the satisfaction derivable from the consolations of religion, and scarce anybody will deny that a more substantial joy is to be obtained from a sum of money invested in a handsome and becoming garment than from an equal amount of value in any other form whatsoever.

This is an age of unprecedented luxury in dress. Women's clothes cost more to-day than ever before in the history of the world, and the styles in feminine costume have become so elaborate within the last half-dozen years that people of moderate means find the extra tax a serious one. It is hardly possible nowadays, as it used to be, for a lady to keep herself well clad and "up with the fashions" on a little money.

The sums squandered on clothes by the very rich are astonishing. It is true that even the multi-millionaire, though his apparel comes to a pretty penny, is obliged to be severely simple in his own attire, but in the costuming of his wife and daughters he has an opportunity to open wide his overflowing purse. For the cost of women's raiment has practically no limit, and a lady of highest fashion can hardly be comfortable on a dress allowance of less than $20,000 a year. If her husband is liberal he may give her $25,000 without fear that he is encouraging her to indulge an undue extravagance.

Supposing that a man has two or three grown daughters, unmarried and out in society, it is obvious that the usufruct of a million dollars will barely suffice to clothe the women of his family. It is just one little item that will help to show how the plutocrat's money goes. Though his income is enormous, his necessary expenses are correspondingly great, and he may easily have as much trouble in making ends meet as is experienced by one of his clerks who is trying to solve the problem of existence in a tiny flat on $1200 a year. Everything in this world is relative. W. H. Vanderbilt, who in his day was the richest man in the United States, was always hard up for cash—though in his case it was the temptation of profitable investments that devoured his ready money.

Some of Milady's Frocks

IN ORDER to be comfortable a woman of fashion ought to have at least sixty frocks a year. Five of these should be tailor-made suits for street wear. There should be fifteen evening gowns, ten dinner gowns, and six "little dresses," as they are called, of soft wools and silks, for informal afternoons. To these should be added fifteen summer dresses of fine French muslins, with much lace and embroidery, and half a dozen tailor-made linen suits, also for warm weather.

The street suits cost from $125 to $250 apiece. They are severely plain, and that is why they are so expensive, the glovelike fit being all-important. The finest tailoring is done on the simplest gowns, and it is for this reason that the linen suits, above mentioned, come to $75 or $100 each. A fashionable dressmaker will charge from $150 to $750 for the evening and dinner gowns, $85 to $150 for the "little dresses," and $100 to $300 for the summer muslins, with their dainty frills and furbelows.

Of "tea gowns," in which my lady may receive her very intimate friends on occasions, she will have three or four (costing from $60 to $300, adorned with much lace, and one of them trimmed with fur, perhaps), and these will be supplemented by an equal number of wrappers, of soft silks and batistes (fashionably known as "negligées"), equally expensive, and trimmed with Valenciennes. She is not seen in a wrapper, of course, by anybody outside of the immediate family, but the lace, nevertheless, must be real, though the imitation is every bit as pretty. The craze for real lace and hand embroidery has had not a little to do with augmenting the cost of women's attire in these gilded days.

The expenditure of such sums on dress seems reckless waste, considering the perishable character of this form of property, but it should be considered that the money goes to support a great number of poor working people. When Mrs. John Jacob Astor appeared at the recent Horse Show in a gown trimmed with lace and squirrel fur which was said to have cost $5000, she may have afforded a horrible example to some moralist discoursing on the degeneracy of a luxurious age, but the bit of extravagance in question must have put bread and butter into many mouths.

The materials used in the frocks of the woman of fashion are the most expensive obtainable, the object in view being to make the costume as costly as possible. It is the very rich people who set the example, and those of smaller means must come as near to it as they can. One of the most curious facts to be mentioned in this connection is that there are a few actresses (notably Edna Wallace Hopper and Lillian Russell) who spend as much money on dress as any of the multi-millionaire women, buying their gowns and hats from the dressmakers and milliners whom the Vanderbilts and Astors patronize, and paying quite as high prices for them.

A NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES
FROM A DESIGN BY TIFFANY & CO.

Style and fit are supposed to be obtainable only by going to the most expensive dressmakers, who charge for any garment six or eight times its apparent value. A plain crêpe de chine, for example, is billed at $250. But one should remember that many people are unable to believe that they are getting a good thing, whatever it may be, unless they pay an enormous price for it. Mrs. Midas gives from $50 to $150 apiece for her shirtwaists of hand-embroidered silk with lace and chiffon. In this case, however, it is the materials chiefly that cost, and, according to the very latest style, such waists should match the suits with which they are worn. They may be of lighter shade, but they must be of the same color.

Shoes, Gloves and Other Trifles

MY LADY gets her shoes by contract—a method that saves both money and trouble. If she bought them in the ordinary way she would pay from $10 to $15 a pair for them; on the contract basis they cost her only $8 to $12. Her last is kept by the maker, so that she has none of the bother of being fitted, and twice a year she receives from the shop six pairs of dainty boots. Of course, she has to have slippers to match each of her gowns in color, and, when she wants them to correspond in respect to material, she sends a bit of the brocade or other fabric to the manufacturer, paying $2.50 to have them made up. For lace slippers she gives $75 a pair.

Similarly, she has the kid for her gloves specially dyed and made up to order, and they cost her from $8 to $15 for sixteen to twenty-button lengths. But for calling she uses only white gloves, which are never worn more than once. Her lace veils come to as much as $10 apiece, and her parasols (of which she must have at least a dozen, to match different gowns) run up as high as $100, being trimmed with chiffon and lace.

From the rich woman's point of view, there must surely be great satisfaction in the circumstance that all of her "things" are kept in first-rate repair. One of the maid's most important duties is to see that every article of her employer's apparel is in perfect condition—that there are no holes in her stockings, that the bottoms of her skirts are not in the slightest degree ragged, and that the laces of her shoes are sound and new. The lady's maid is the hardest-worked member of a fashionable household, and too often, alas! she is treated with utter lack of consideration, a part of her business being to wait up until three or four o'clock nearly every morning and put her mistress to bed when she returns, wearied and fretful, perhaps, after a night of gayety.

Now, in reckoning the cost of the raiment of a lady of fashion, one should not omit consideration of those articles of apparel which, while essential, are not exhibited to the public eye—corsets, for example. It is a common thing nowadays for women of means to buy their corsets, like their shoes, by contract. For $150 to $500 a year a dealer will guarantee to keep a customer well corseted, the smaller sum allowing for five pairs. Ordinarily the material is French coutil, but for a payment of from $250 up satin or brocade is supplied. In all cases the corsets are kept in repair without extra charge, as a part of the agreement.

My lady must have at least a dozen petticoats—the cheapest of them $25 to $35 apiece, and the most expensive (French works of art in lingerie, trimmed with Valenciennes) running up to $150. She will require an equal number of corset-covers, at $50 each, hand-embroidered and lace-trimmed, and twelve chemises, at $75 each, will be none too many. Of nightgowns, the material of which is "handkerchief-linen lawn," she will need a dozen, and, for wearing in the seclusion of her bedroom, she must have three or four dressing-jackets (more correctly known nowadays as "matinées") of accordion-plaited silk, pale blue or pink. Both nightrobes and jackets are elaborately adorned with real lace, each garment costing $100 or so, and the dressing-sacques, when worn with petticoats to match, make quite handsome costumes.

The Theatre's Inroads on the Bank Account

IT IS just as well that any young man of moderate means who thinks of marrying a rich man's daughter should have a few of these figures in his mind when his intended father-in-law asks him if he is able to support the girl in the style to which she has been accustomed. He should remember that a lady of conspicuous fashion thinks nothing of paying $35 apiece for the lace handkerchiefs which she carries to parties and receptions, and that she is liable to indulge in tears if it be gently suggested to her that $8 a pair is too much to give for her stockings.

Miss Goelet, when she married the Duke of Roxburgh, had seventy hats made for her trousseau, and the allowance was considered only moderate. Indeed, thirty new hats for each season, or sixty for a twelvemonth, are about as few as a wealthy young woman can get along with comfortably. She must have a hat, as a matter of course, for every gown, and her headgear must be adapted to all sorts of occasions. For example, she requires at least half a dozen morning hats, and, in addition, her wardrobe must comprise driving hats, auto hats, sailor hats, evening hats and reception hats. An auto hat may cost as little as $75, being small and compact, but a carriage hat of sable and lace, or ornamented with a bird of paradise, may separate dear papa from $500 in good money.

Young Mrs. Millionaire, whose indulgent husband denies her nothing that money can buy, has half a dozen opera cloaks, which cost from $1000 to $5000, the less expensive ones being of light-colored brocades and silks, lace-trimmed. The finest one is of sable and ermine. Her ladyship greatly enjoys the theatre, though she never arrives until about the middle of the second act of the play. It is the fashion to be late, and in New York the playhouses, as a rule, are half empty until 9:30 o'clock, after which they fill up rapidly with smart folk whose dinners have kept them away until that hour. To lose so much of the performance would spoil the pleasure of ordinary people, but the zest which wholesome amusements possess for the commonalty is lost to the jaded appetite of the little brothers and sisters of the rich.

Mrs. Millionaire has a muff and boa of sable (the most expensive, and therefore most fashionable, fur to-day) which cost $5000, and a sealskin jacket with sable trimmings worth $1000. Her long coat of brocade lined with Persian lamb is valued at $1500, and she possesses other fur garments

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on modern luxury by Mr. Bache. A third will appear in an early number.

equally expensive. But all of her furs are made over again and again into various forms, to suit the changing styles from season to season, and her almost priceless laces, with praiseworthy economy, are transferred at intervals from one article of costume to another.

Notwithstanding the seeming recklessness of people who greatly spend, it is a fact, soon ascertained by those who come into contact with them, that the very rich are not, as a rule, careless about money. On the contrary, they are apt to reckon a dollar at a higher valuation, and to be more cautious about spending it, than persons who are relatively poor. The well-known young plutocrat, worth at least $100,000,000, for whom the Newport cabmen will not stop because he cuts their customary fare in half, is no unique or very exceptional instance.

It is owing to such penuriousness on their husbands' part that the wives of many millionaires are obliged to resort to certain ingenious expedients for the purpose of providing themselves with pocket money. Mrs. Midas, though she lives in the lap of luxury, would never have a dollar of her own to spend—hardly a nickel, indeed, for carfare or soda-water—if it were not for a private arrangement between herself and her dressmaker. The latter keeps her supplied with cash, which is charged to the dressmaking account, and the bill, when submitted at the end of the quarter, is paid by the unsuspecting head of the family as a matter of course. The dressmaker can lose nothing; Mrs. Midas is made comfortable financially, and the victim of the deception, having only himself to blame, deserves no sympathy.

Acres of Diamonds

NOT long ago one of the ladies of the diplomatic suite returned from Europe to Washington with $100,000 worth of gowns and hats, which she had purchased while abroad. The outfit was deemed so remarkable that photographs of it were printed in the newspapers. But the expensive raiment of the fair foreigner has been thrown into the shade by the gorgeous apparel of another young woman of the National Capital, who was presented at the Court of St. James the other day in a dress that cost as much as all of her rival's costumes put together.

As described by an appreciative fashion writer, pearls and diamonds were sprinkled over her gown as beads or sequins are strung on an ordinary frock. The white satin skirt, veiled in silver tulle, was "embroidered from belt to hem with wheat-heads done in small pearls, and with spears of wheat tipped with small but pure diamonds to represent dewdrops." Diamonds and pearls were used to fringe the tulle drapery; the ostrich feathers worn in the hair were spangled with blue-white gems, and even the white slippers, which alone cost $2000, were embellished with the wheat decoration. The corsage was confined by a stomacher of large diamonds and emeralds, and a tiara of similar stones crowned the wearer's head. Experts reckoned the cost of the frock alone at $100,000, but the whole costume, including the jewels, represented a value of not less than half a million dollars.

In the mere fabrication of frocks there is a limit to possible expenditure. Though cloth woven of spiders' silk be used, hand-embroidered and with trimming of antique lace, the cost of a gown cannot run far up into the thousands of dollars. But when the resources of the mineral kingdom are called upon to lend a scintillant glory to my lady's costume, the outlay for her wardrobe may tax even the means of a multi-millionaire.

The novelist Thackeray took occasion to satirize the prodigality of a certain Prince Esterhazy, who, in his day, appeared at the Court of St. James in clothing so freely bespangled with diamonds that profit was found in picking up the gems that became detached from his person; but until recently no attempt had been made by a woman to rival this brilliant example.

At the same time, it should be realized that a frock may be quite liberally sprinkled with gems for less money than is paid for a single small article of jewelry such as is worn by many a fashionable woman to-day as one of the minor adjuncts of her raiment.

With rubies at $40,000 for a single stone, and pearls at $5000 to $20,000 apiece, even the money of a multi-millionaire does not carry him far in the purchase of jewelry. A necklace of pearls worth $300,000 is nothing very extraordinary, and $100,000 is certainly not too much to pay for a tiara, while a "stomacher" to match may easily cost another $100,000. Here, be it noticed, is an expenditure of half a million dollars on three pieces, in addition to which a lady of fashion needs ornaments for the corsage, a few very costly rings, and a number of minor articles of *bijouterie*.

It is hardly possible to get along without a tiara, which is a sort of crown—more exactly speaking, a jeweled coronet, such as is worn by noblewomen in England. Surely a lady of conspicuous fashion in this country is a personage of as much importance as the wife of an earl or baron in Great Britain, and if so, her right to adopt similar ornaments is beyond dispute. Besides, coronets are exceedingly becoming, and when the New York women saw them on the heads of titled foreign dames visiting the island of Manhattan they made up their minds to have them, too. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt set the example, others followed, and now crowns are commonly worn.

The Earnings of a Lifetime in One Jewel

FROM what has been said it should be obvious that a woman may wear a million dollars' worth of precious stones at a ball, or in a box at the opera, without being vulgarly overloaded. From season to season she will have some of her more important pieces remodeled, for variety's sake, and to follow the changing fashions. A tiara, for example, is easily converted into a stomacher, and the latter, with slight modifications, is made to serve as a corsage ornament.

Most people are so ignorant about such matters as not to know what a jeweled stomacher is, though they have a notion that it is an arrangement of gems made to cover the digestive region. This, as a matter of fact, is not accurately descriptive, the article in question being in reality merely a somewhat elaborate ornament, of no prescribed shape or pattern, which calls admiring attention to the neighborhood of the solar plexus, but which, if preferred, may be attached with equal appropriateness to the corsage. One of New York's most fashionable women possesses a stomacher that is made to represent a wild-rose branch, the leaves and buds being large emeralds and the flower-petals composed of pink tourmalines. This work of art is valued at $150,000.

Large emeralds, which if flawless are worth more than diamonds of equal size, are surrounded by a blaze of diamonds to light them up. A fine tiara may have in it as many as five hundred blue-white South African sparklers, the whole arrangement subsidiary to three or four great rubies, or other "important" gems, so called. It is not surprising that such ornaments come high. A five-carat ruby costs four times as much as a diamond of the same weight, and pink and other fancy-colored pearls fetch astonishing prices. Mrs. Midas appears at the opera with a corsage ornament containing half a dozen pearls as big as the marbles boys play with, a rose-cut diamond half an inch in diameter in the centre, and her necklace is of diamonds and varicolored sapphires in clusters, each cluster showing a different tint, from green to blue, and from yellow to red.

Such things cost money. The average man in his lifetime does not earn more than enough to pay for a couple of those great pearls. Even the purse Mrs. Midas carries, and which she keeps filled by the clever expedient already described, is a net of pure gold, adorned with diamonds and pendant strings of pearls.

One realizes when one sees, on an opera night, the boxes ablaze with millions on millions of dollars' worth of precious stones, that the statement that the world's diamond crop is marketed chiefly in America is no fiction.

Wealth a Beauty Doctor

THERE is no doubt of the fact that luxury improves women physically. The wives and daughters of our millionaires are remarkably beautiful, not merely by reason of the becomingness of their apparel, but owing to the care they take of their bodies, their healthful surroundings, and the freedom from labor and worry which they enjoy. Nothing ages a woman and spoils her looks so rapidly as overwork and anxiety. The lady of fashion (unless she overdoes the social business) pursues a thoroughly hygienic existence, and, her chief care being for the preservation of her pulchritude and youthful appearance—she retains the latter wonderfully long—she permits no temptation of rich food or other imprudent indulgence to endanger the graceful lines of her cherished figure.

If she is sensible she places herself unreservedly in the hands of her dressmaker and milliner, where gowns and hats are concerned, recognizing the fact that the professional costumer is likely to understand the problem much better than she does. She prefers, as a rule, American-made garments to those of foreign manufacture, because they are better in respect to fit and tailoring—though Parisian designs and arrangements of colors are unequaled. Besides, the fact is worth considering that most of the so-called "imported" gowns are not imported at all, but are merely copies from French originals.

Her children (supposing that she is a woman of common-sense) are not dressed very expensively. It is only the newly-rich who squander money on the apparel of their little ones. Dresses for small girls run up as high as $150 apiece, and it is easy to spend $3000 a year on the wardrobe of a fashionable miss of twelve, while a boy's clothes may cost $1000 or more per annum; but simplicity and relative inexpensiveness are deemed much better taste by those whose judgment in such matters is worth having.

Mr. Millionaire's raiment costs him $6000 per annum, the chief item of expenditure being for about twenty suits. With this allowance he can always look as if newly emerged from a bandbox, his clothes being kept in perfect order by his valet, to whom they fall as a perquisite when discarded. He pays $125 for a suit with frock coat, and $85 for a business suit. Each year he has a new dress suit and a new "Tux"—short for Tuxedo coat. Yachting suits and white flannels for summer are incidental requisites.

A man of fashion changes his shirt three times a day, and six dozen of these essential garments are as few as he can get along with comfortably. The laundry wears them out so fast that, as a matter of course, a complete new supply is required every year. He wants a dozen evening-dress shirts (with silk bodies and linen bosoms and cuffs), which cost $16.50 apiece; also twelve Tuxedo shirts, of linen, at $10 each. In addition, he must have a dozen plaited-bosom shirts at $8.50 apiece, twelve stiff-bosomed fancy shirts at the same price, and an equal number of silk negligée shirts at $27.50 each.

To the every-day individual, who works for a bare living, shirts at $330 a dozen may seem pretty high, but what is the possible use of being a millionaire if one cannot be luxuriously clad.

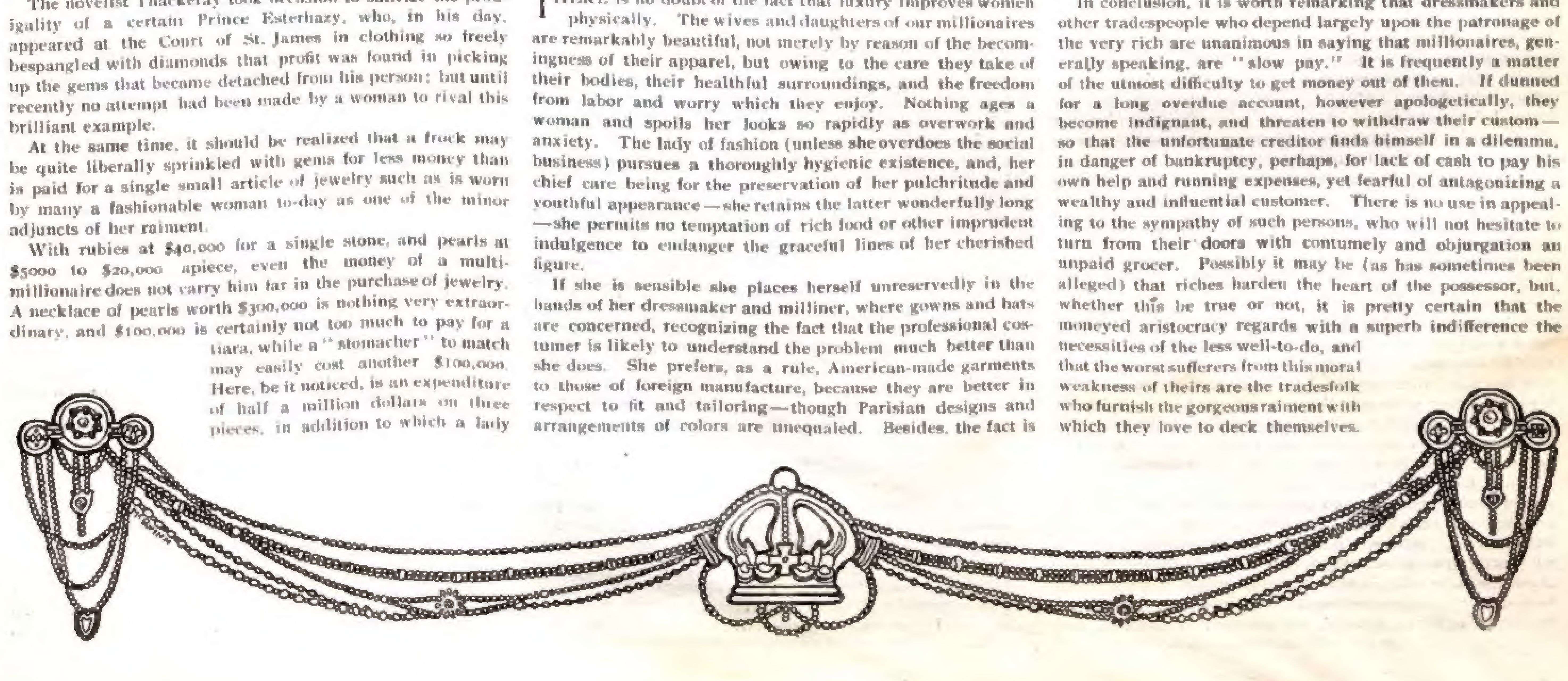
Good Spenders but Slow Payers

THIS self-indulgent gentleman pays 50 cents for his collars and $7 apiece for his neckties; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that they are absolutely "correct." Indeed, if you are a rich man, you can achieve the reputation of being admirably dressed, even though you possess no taste whatever, simply by making it your policy to buy all of your clothes at certain places. You will pay three or four prices for everything you get, but the money will be profitably invested.

Mr. Millionaire's underclothes are all of silk. He requires a dozen suits of heavy ones at $50 each, twelve suits of medium weight at $35 each, and an equal number of light-weight drawers and undershirts at $25 a suit. This signifies an investment of over $1300 in undergarments alone, and, inasmuch as he changes them every day, they wear out rapidly in the wash, and the supply has to be entirely renewed once in a twelvemonth. In the same length of time he uses up six dozen stockings at $6 to $7 a pair, and two dozen suits of silk pajamas at $30 each.

He wears suspenders worth only $5 a pair, but the gold buckles cost $75 at the jeweler's. Frequently such buckles are set with diamonds or other precious stones. Mr. Millionaire's garters, too, have golden clasps. In fact, the smallest details of his attire are of an expensiveness far beyond the reach of men of moderate means, and the few little articles of *bijouterie* with which the fashion of the day permits him to adorn himself are obviously the most costly articles of their kind that money can buy.

In conclusion, it is worth remarking that dressmakers and other tradespeople who depend largely upon the patronage of the very rich are unanimous in saying that millionaires, generally speaking, are "slow pay." It is frequently a matter of the utmost difficulty to get money out of them. If dunned for a long overdue account, however apologetically, they become indignant, and threaten to withdraw their custom—so that the unfortunate creditor finds himself in a dilemma, in danger of bankruptcy, perhaps, for lack of cash to pay his own help and running expenses, yet fearful of antagonizing a wealthy and influential customer. There is no use in appealing to the sympathy of such persons, who will not hesitate to turn from their doors with contumely and objurgation an unpaid grocer. Possibly it may be (as has sometimes been alleged) that riches harden the heart of the possessor, but, whether this be true or not, it is pretty certain that the moneyed aristocracy regards with a superb indifference the necessities of the less well-to-do, and that the worst sufferers from this moral weakness of theirs are the tradesfolk who furnish the gorgeous raiment with which they love to deck themselves.



OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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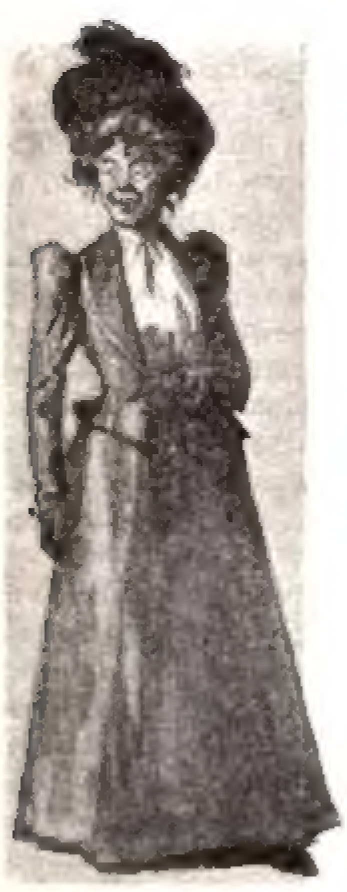
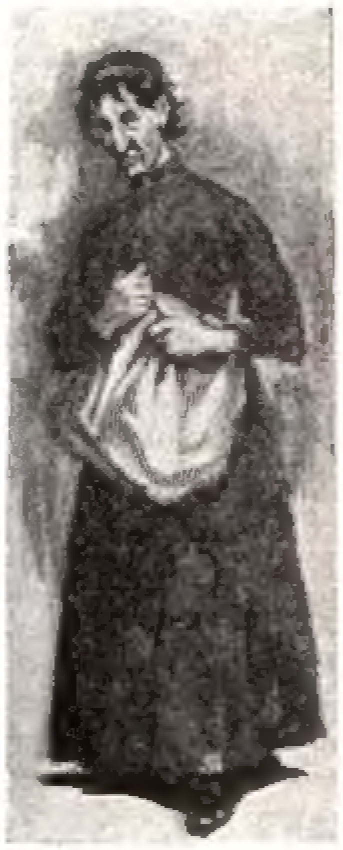


IT ISN'T REASONABLE TO TIE UP TO SIX, LIKE A MORMON ELDER



AND EXPECT THAT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HALF A DOZEN HAPPY HOMES

From John Graham, at the Omaha branch of Graham & Co., to his son Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The old man has been advised by wire of the arrival of a prospective junior partner, and that the mother, the son and the business are all doing well.

OMAHA, October 6, 1900.

Dear Pierrepont: I'm so blame glad it's a boy that I'm getting over feeling sorry it ain't a girl, and I'm almost reconciled to its not being twins. Twelve pounds! Bully! Maybe that doesn't keep up the Graham reputation for giving good weight! But I'm coming home on the run to heft him myself, because I never knew a fellow who wouldn't lie a little about the weight of number one, and then, when you led him up to the hay scales, claim that it's a well-known scientific principle that children shrink during the first week like a ham in smoke. Allowing for tare, though, if he still nets ten I'll feel that he's a credit to the brand.

It's a great thing to be sixty minutes old, with nothing in the world except a blanket and an appetite, and the whole fight ahead of you; but it's pretty good, too, to be sixty years old, and a grandpop, with twenty years of fight left in you still. It sort of makes me feel, though, as if it were almost time I had a young fellow hitched up beside me who was strong enough to pull his half of the load and willing enough so that he'd keep the traces taut on his side. I don't want any double-team arrangement where I have to pull the load and the other horse, too. But you seem strong, and you act willing, so when I get back I reckon we'll hitch for a little trial spin. A good partner ought to be like a good wife—a source of strength to a man. But it isn't reasonable to tie up with six, like a Mormon elder, and expect that you're going to have half a dozen happy homes.

They say that there are three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves in a good many families, but I don't want any such gap as that in ours. I hope to live long enough to see the kid with us at the Stock Yards, and all three of us with our coats off hustling to make the business hum. If I shouldn't, you must keep the boy strong in the faith. It makes me a little uneasy when I go to New York and see the carryings-on of some of the old merchants' grandchildren. I don't think it's true, that to die rich is to die disgraced, but it's the case pretty often that to die rich is to be disgraced afterward by a lot of light-weight heirs.

Every now and then some blame fool stops me on the street to say that he supposes I've got to the point now where I'm going to quit and enjoy myself; and when I tell him I've been enjoying myself for forty years and am going to keep right on at it, he goes off shaking his head and telling people I'm a money-grubber. He can't see that it's the fellow who doesn't enjoy his work and who quits just because he's made money that's the money-grubber; or that the man who keeps right on is fighting for something more than a little sugar on his bread and butter.

When a doctor reaches the point where he's got a likely little bunch of dyspeptics giving him ten dollars apiece for telling them to eat something different from what they have been eating, and to chew it—people don't ask him why he doesn't quit and live on the interest of his dyspepsia money. By the time he's gained his financial independence he's lost his personal independence altogether, for it's just about then that he's reached the age where he can put a little extra sense and experience into his pills; so he can't turn around without some one's sticking out his tongue at him and asking him to guess what he had for dinner that disagreed with him. It never occurs to these people that he will let his experience and ability go to waste just because he has made money enough to buy a little dyspepsia of his own, and it never occurs to him to quit for any such foolish reason.

You'll meet a lot of first-class idiots in this world who regard business as low and common, because their low and common old grandpas made money enough so they don't have to work. And you'll meet a lot of second-class fools who carry a line of something they call culture, which bears about the same relation to real education that canned corned beef does to porterhouse steak with mushrooms, and these fellows shudder a little at the mention of business, and moan over the mad race for wealth, and deplore the coarse commercialism of the age. But while they may have no special use for a business man, they always have a particular use for his money. You want to be ready to spring back while you're talking to them, because when a fellow doesn't think it's refined to mention money, and calls it an honorarium, he's getting ready to hit you for a little more than the market price. I've had dealings with a good many of these shy, sensitive souls who shrink from mentioning the dollar, but when it came down to the point of settling the bill they usually tried to charge me a little extra for the shock to their refinement.

The fact of the matter is that we're all in trade when we've got anything, from poetry to pork, to sell; and it's all foolishness to talk about one fellow's goods being sweller than another's. The only way in which he can be different is by making them better. But if we haven't anything to sell we ain't doing anything to shove the world along; and we ought to make room on it for some coarse, commercial cuss with a sample-case.

I've met a heap of men who were idling through life because they'd made money or inherited it, and, so far as I could see, about all they could do was to read till they got the dry rot, or to booze till they got the wet rot. All books and no business makes Jack a jack-in-the-box, with springs and wheels in his head; all play and no work makes Jack a jackass, with bosh in his skull. The right prescription for Jack is play when he really needs it, and work whether he needs it or not. That dose will make him a crackerjack.

Like most fellows who haven't any too much of it, I've a great deal of respect for education, and that's why I'm sorry to see so many men who deal in it selling gold bricks to young fellows who can't afford to be buncoed. It would be a mighty good thing if we could put a lot of the professors at work in the offices and shops, and give these canned culture boys jobs in the glue and fertilizer factories, until their floss and foolishness had worn off. For it looks to an old fellow, who's taking a bird's-eye view from the top of a packing-house, as if some of the colleges were still running their plants with machinery that would have been sent to the scrap-heap, in any other business, a hundred years ago. They turn out a pretty fair article as it is, but with improved machinery they could save a lot of waste and by-products, and find a quicker market for their output.

But it's the years before our kid goes to college that I'm worrying about now. For I believe that we ought to teach a boy how to use his hands as well as his brain; that he ought to begin his history lessons in the present and work back to B. C. about the time he is ready to graduate; that he ought to know a good deal about the wheat belt before he begins loading up with the list of Patagonian products; that he ought to post up on Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and Thomas Edison first, and save Rameses Second to while away the long winter evenings after business hours, because old Rameses is embalmed and guaranteed to keep, anyway; that if he's inclined to be tonguey he ought to learn a living language or two, which he can talk when a Dutch buyer pretends he doesn't understand English, before he tackles a dead one, which in all probability he will only give decent interment in his memory.

Of course, it's a fine thing to know all about the past and to have the date when the geese cackled in Rome down pat, but life is the present and the future. The really valuable thing which we get from the past is experience, and a fellow can pick up a pretty fair working line of that along La Salle Street. A boy's education should begin with to-day, deal a little with to-morrow, and then go back to day before yesterday; but when a fellow begins with the past it's apt to take him too long to catch up with the present.

A man can learn better most of the things that happened between A. D. 1492 and B. C. 5000 after he's grown, for then he can sense their meaning and remember what's worth knowing. But you take the average boy who's been loaded up with this sort of stuff, and dig into him, and his mind is simply a cemetery of useless dates from the tombstones of those tough and sporty old kings, with here and there the jawbone of an ass who made a living by killing every one in sight and unsettling business for honest men. Some professors will tell you that it's good training to teach boys a lot of things they're going to forget, but it's been my experience that the best training is to teach them things they'll remember.

I simply mention these matters in a general way. I don't want you to underestimate the value of any sort of knowledge, and I want you to appreciate the value of other work besides your own—music and railroading, ground and lofty tumbling and banking, painting pictures and soap advertising, because if you're not broad enough to do this you're just as narrow as those fellows who are running the culture corner, and your mind will get so blame narrow it'll overlap.

I want to raise our kid to be a poor man's son, and then, if it's necessary, we can always teach him how to be a rich one's. Child nature is human nature, and a man who understands it can make his children like the plain, sensible things and ways, as easily as the rich and foolish ones. I remember a nice old lady, who was raising a lot of orphan grandchildren on a mighty slim income. They couldn't have chicken often in that house, and when they did it was a pretty close fit and none to throw away. So instead of beginning with the white meat and stirring up the kids like a cage full of hyenas when the "feeding the carnivora" sign is out, she would play up the pieces that don't even get a mention on the bill-of-fare of a two-dollar country hotel. She would begin by saying in a please-don't-all-speak-at-once tone, "Now, children, who wants this dear little neck?" and naturally they all wanted it, because it was pretty plain to them that it was something extra sweet and juicy. So she would allot it as a reward of goodness to the child who had been behaving best, and throw in the gizzard for nourishment. The nice old lady always helped herself last, and there was nothing left for her but white meat.

It isn't the final result which the nice old lady achieved, but the first one, that I want to commend. A child naturally likes the simple things till you teach him to like the rich ones; and it's just as easy to start him with books and amusements that hold sense and health as those that are filled with slop and stomach-ache. A lot of mothers think a child starts out with a brain that can't learn anything but nonsense; so when Maudie asks a sensible question they answer in goo-goo gush. And they believe that a child can digest everything from carpet tacks to fried steak, so whenever Willie hollers they think he's hungry, and try to plug his throat with a banana.

You want to have it in mind all the time while you're raising this boy that you can't turn over your children to subordinates, any more than you can your business, and get good results. Nurses and governesses are no doubt all right in their place, but there's nothing "just as good" as a father and mother. A boy doesn't pick up cuss-words when his mother's around, or learn cussedness from his father. Yet a lot of mothers turn over the children, along with the horses and dogs, to be fed and broken by the servants, and then wonder from which side of the family Isobel inherited her weak stomach, and where she picked up her naughty ways, and why she drops the h's from some words and pronounces others with a brogue. But she needn't look to Isobel for any information, because she is the only person about the place with whom the child ain't on free and easy terms.

I simply mention these things in passing. Life is getting broader and business bigger right along, and we've got to breed a better race of men if we're going to keep just a little ahead of it. There are a lot of problems in the business now—trust problems and labor problems—that I'm getting old enough to shirk, which you and the boy must meet, though I'm not doing any particular worrying about them. While I believe that the trusts are pretty good things in theory, a lot of them have been pretty bad things in practice, and we shall be mighty slow to hook up with one.

The trouble is that too many trusts start wrong. A lot of these fellows take a strong, sound business idea—the economy of cost in manufacture and selling—and hitch it to a load of the rottenest business principle in the bunch—the inflation of the value of your plant and stock—and then wonder why people hold their noses when their outfit drives down Wall Street. Of course, when you stop a little leakage of sugar between the staves and dip it out by the bucket from the top, your net gain is going to be a deficit for somebody. So if these fellows try to do business as they should do it, by clean and sound methods and at fair and square prices, they can't earn money enough to satisfy their stockholders, and they get sore; and if they try to do business in the only way that's left, by clubbing competition to death, and gouging the public, then the whole country gets sore. It seems to me that a good many of these trusts are at a stage where the old individual character of the businesses from which they came is dead, and a new corporate character hasn't had time to form and strengthen. Naturally, when a youngster hangs fire over developing a conscience he's got to have one licked into him

Personally, I want to see fewer businesses put into trusts on the canned soup theory—add hot water and serve—before I go into one; and I want to know that the new concern is going to put a little of itself into every case that leaves the plant, just as I have always put in a little of myself. Of course, I don't believe that this stage of the trusts can last, because, in the end, a business that is founded on doubtful values and that makes money by doubtful methods will go to smash or be smashed, and the bigger the business the bigger the smash. The real trust busters are going to be the crooked trusts, but so long as they can keep out of jail they will make it hard for the sound and straight ones to prove their virtue. Yet once the trust idea strikes bed-rock, and a trust is built up of sound properties on a safe valuation; once the most capable man has had time to rise to the head, and a new breed, trained to the new idea, to grow up under him, and once dishonest competition—not hard competition—is made a penitentiary offense, and the road to the penitentiary macadamized so that it won't be impassable to the fellows who ride in automobiles—then there'll be no more trust-busting talk, because the trust will be the most efficient, the most profitable, and the most economical way of doing business, and there's no use bucking that idea or no sense in being so foolish as to want to. It would be like grabbing a comet by the tail and trying to put a twist in it. And there's nothing about it for a young fellow to be afraid of, because a good man isn't lost in a big business—he simply has bigger opportunities and more of them. The larger the interests at stake, the less people are inclined to jeopardize them by putting them in the hands of any one but the best man in sight.

I'm not afraid of any trust that's likely to come along for a while, because Graham & Co. ain't any spring chicken. I'm not too old to change, but I don't expect to have to just yet, and so long as the trust and labor situation remains as it is, I don't believe that you and I and the kid can do much better than to follow my old rule:

Mind your own business; own your own business, and run your own business

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM

(THE END)

Past Masters Past Seventy

SAMUEL SMILES, the author of Self-Help and other popular works, has just died at the age of ninety-two. The poet Swinburne, in his sixty-seventh year, is still "a past master in the art of hyperbole and vituperation"; and George Meredith, who is nine years older, has shown no signs of lessening literary fertility. Sir Aubrey de Vere, of Curragh Chase, Ireland, who died in 1902 at the age of eighty-eight, was to the very last a most prolific writer of prose and poetic works. Among his latest productions were letters on the South African War, which showed that his intellect had lost none of its vigor or keenness even in extreme old age. Grote, the banker, and historian of Greece, published his Plato and began his Aristotle at seventy. Savage Landor wrote his last book at seventy-eight, and was full of fire until his death at eighty-nine. Bancroft did some of his best historical work at eighty-five. Professor Heinrich Duentzer, author of eighty six volumes of critical commentaries on the German classics, who died at Cologne a few years ago in his eighty-ninth year, was an energetic worker in the very last years of his life

It is never too late to find one's place in the world. It was not until he was nearly fifty years old, after dawdling away his previous life as a tapster in his father's shop, or as a Franciscan friar at Fontenay-le-Comte, or practicing medicine at Montpelier, that Rabelais discovered the line of activity in which he won his fame, and created the portentous giant, Gargantua, and the renowned Pantagruel. Half of Boccaccio's life had run to waste ere he began to write the tales which set him so high on Italy's roll of honor. Francia was almost forty when a picture by Perugino made him a painter. Admiral Blake, one of England's greatest naval heroes who won victories over the greatest naval commander of his day—who in eight years acquired such naval renown that it eclipsed the glory he had won in a dozen battles on land—did not even become a seaman till he was nearly fifty years old.

The tall, handsome, myriad-minded Goethe wrought at his tasks till he was nearly eighty three years old. He produced the first part of his masterpiece, Faust, at fifty-seven, the second part when eighty years old, and wrote some of his most beautiful poems at seventy-five. Six of our foremost American poets—and all but one in quantity as well as in quality of verse—Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Emerson—lived to ages varying from seventy-five to eighty-five, and were productive to the last. Doctor Holmes wrote in his eighty-fifth year that "time does not threaten the old man so often with the scythe as with the sandbag," yet he wrote brilliant verse for special occasions almost to the end

Theodore Mommsen, the historian, a man of almost insignificant stature and emaciated frame, manifested in his eighty-sixth and last year the energy of a man in middle life. The Earl of Dundonald, though he was always in hot water, and his whole life was a series of quarrels—though he performed some of the most daredevil feats recorded in the history of naval warfare, winning many brilliant victories against enormous odds—lived to eighty-five, and wrote his history of the liberation of Peru, Chili and Brazil, and The Autobiography of a Seaman, two most vigorous, lucid and dashing works, under the stress of intense physical pain, in the last three years of his life.

Sir Charles James Napier, the hero of Scinde, was sixty before he held any great command. He fought and won great battles, governed successfully great provinces, and achieved a great name long after that period of life had passed when, according to an antique morality not quite exploded, it behooves a man to lay aside the things of the present life and to prepare his soul for the next.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

"You Can Hear Me Calling from Over the Hill"

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

I

Out dar in de dark, when folks is asleep,
Dey's Things gwine on dat'll make you creep;
Dey's a crowd er Sump'n's out dar at play
Fum de middle er de night spang on twel day,
An' de mortal stillness dat falls on all
Is de noise dey makes when dey cry an' call —
It's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
Dey flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'.

An' Dreams, long dremp, slip outer de swamp,
An' make der plans fer a mighty romp,
An' doors fly open widout a screak
When dey start ter play at hide-an'-seek;
An' dey rides der ponies, Wing an' Breeze,
Out over de fiel's an' thoo de trees —
It's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
Dey flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'.

Der frocks is made er de new moonshine,
Kyarded an' rolled, an' spun mighty fine;
Dey spins um deyse'f, an' trims um all
Wid de trailin' fog dat you see in de fall;
An' de time fer to ketch dem Dreams an' Things
Is when dey er swingin' in spider-web swings —
It's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
Dey flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'.

An' ef you er ol', an' not too fat,
I speck you kin ketch um un'neat' yo' hat;
De fust un I cotch I wuz past my prime,
But I've ketched um sence, mo' an' many's de time;
An' when you ketch um dey er yone fer good,
Kaze dey can't git away, an' dey wouldn't ef dey could —
It's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
Dey flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'

II

You'll hatter be ol' an' natchally tough,
Kaze de sights dey'll show you'll be mo' dan enough;
An' you better be asleep ef you ketch a Dream,
Bekaze ef you ain't it'll make things seem
Like dey did ter de man what fell fum de tree:
He struck a lim' an' he say, "Hee-hee!
I b'lieve in my soul"—*ker-blamity-blum!*—
"Dat de whole wide worl' done got out er plum'!"

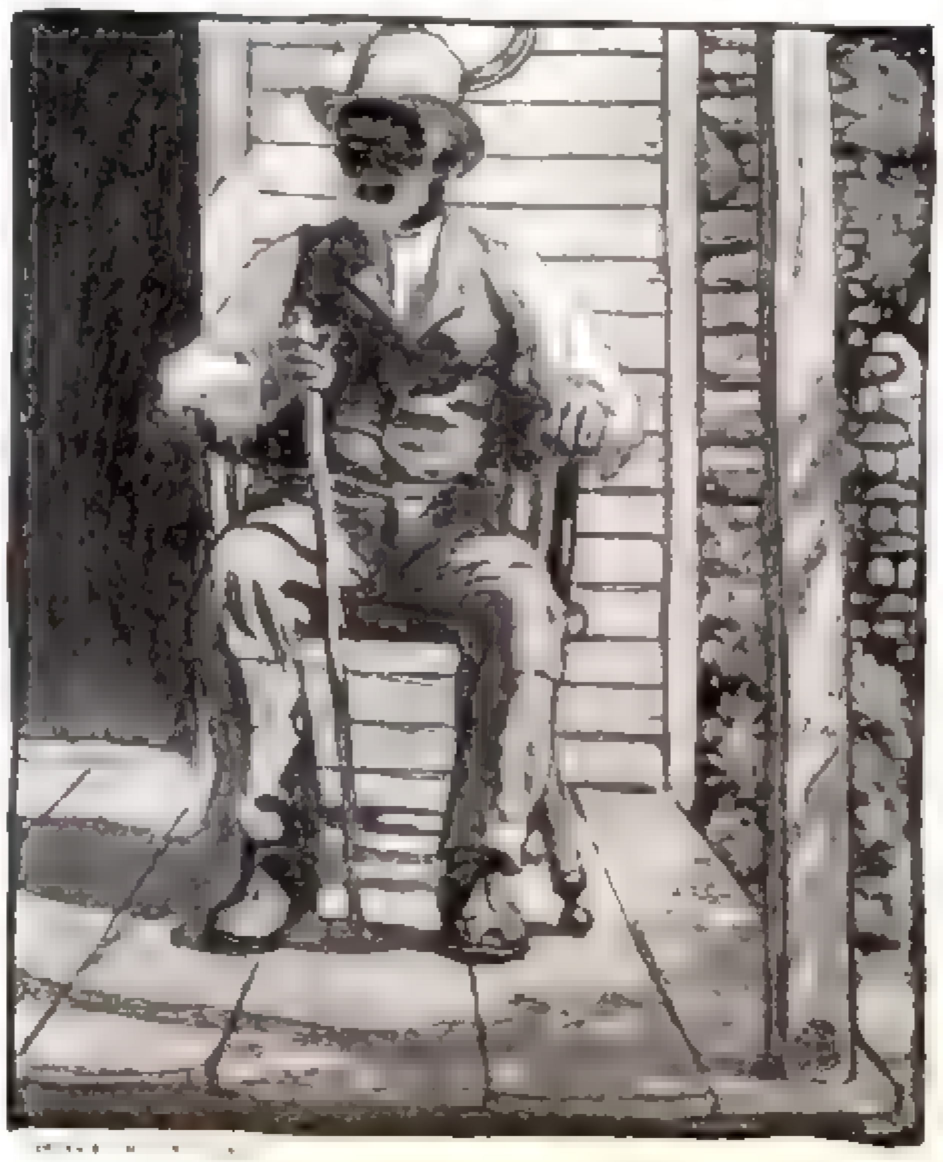
De las' Dream I cotch I helt it ter my y'ear,
An' I wish I could tell you all what I hear —
It wuz, "Oh, hol' me tight! oh, hol' me fas'!
I'm de breff what you see on de lookin'-glass;
I'm de silver bugle, I'm de weddin'-bell,
I'm dem what stumbled an' dem what fell;
I'm de ol' home spring, I'm de orchard path,
I'm de big back-log, I'm de kitchen h'a'th.

"I'm de chap you toted when you wuz strong,
I'm de song you sung him all night long,
I'm de ol' red road an' de tryin' hill,
I'm de creek an' de pon' an' de ol' gris'-mill;
I'm de spinnin'-wheel an' de bangin' loom,
De long, wide hall an' de upstairs room;
I'm *Mistiss* an' *Marster* an' de Buckra man,
I'm kittle an' trivet, I'm skillet an' pan.

"I'm dem what go an' dem what come,
I'm dem what march ter de beat er de drum;
I'm dem what dance by de light er de moon,
I'm de dance itse'f, an' I'm de chune;
I'm dem what sung de midnight song,
I'm de way dey went when dey went along.
I'm de flutterin' han's (like dey ringin' a bell);
I'm de 'So-long, homes!' an' de 'Far'-you-well!'

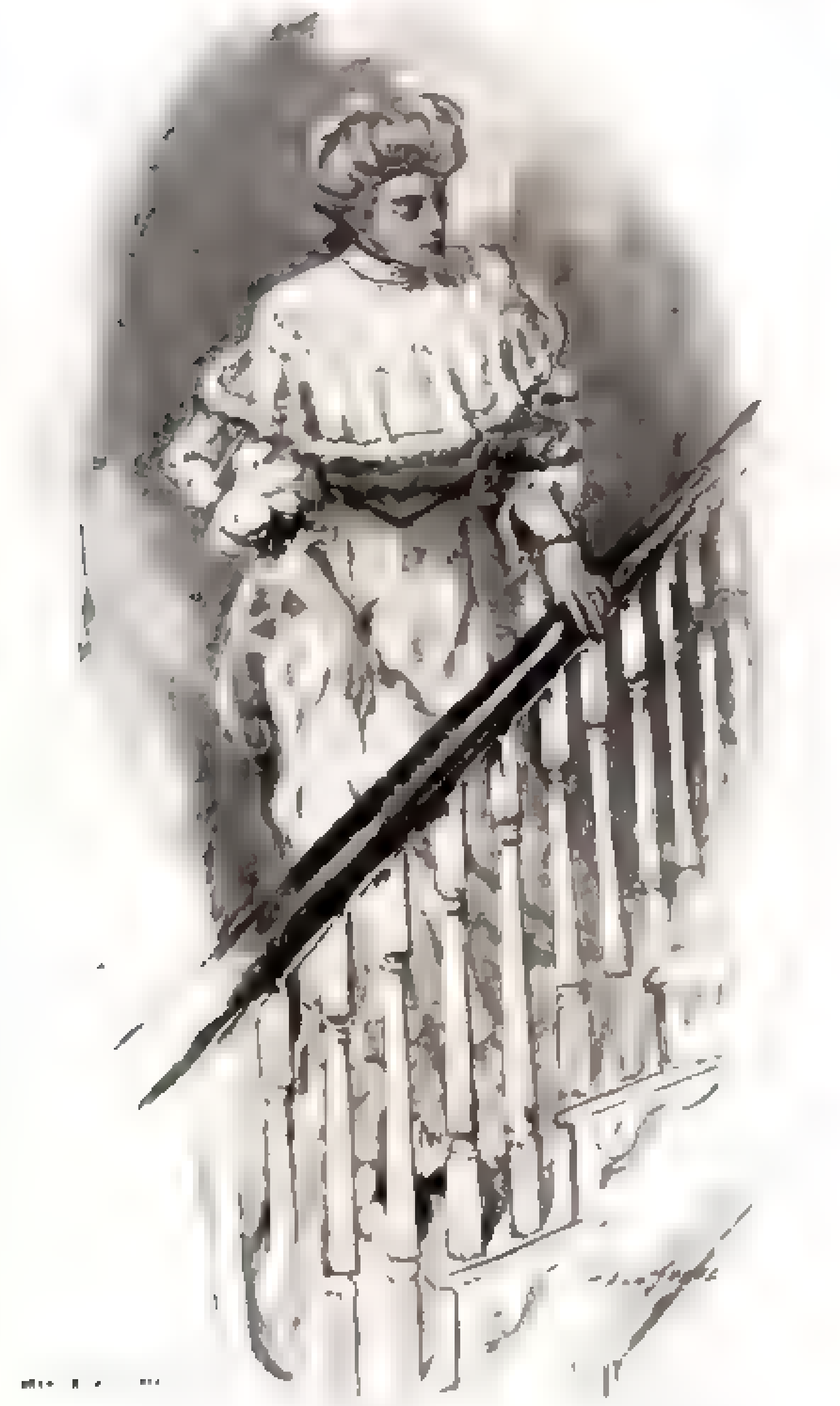
"I'm dem what fiddled twel de break er day,
I'm de torch dey drapped when dey went away;
I'm dem what rambled an' dem what run,
Dem what frolicked an' had der fun.
I'm dem what plowed an' hoed de corn,
I'm de plow an' de hoe an' de dinner-horn;
I'm dem what looked wid de seein' eye,
I'm de bended head an' de long 'Good by!'

"An' any warm night, ef you'll set right still,
You kin hear me callin' fum over de hill,
An' over de meadows, an' down de dreen,
You kin hear me whisper er what I seen;
An' de Willis-Whistlers dey'll jine in,
An' tell whar I'm gwine an' whar I been!
An' it's over an' under an' 'roun' ag'in,
I flits wid de shadders an' flies wid de win'."



THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



BUT THE VISION WAS PEEPING OVER THE BANISTERS AT HIM

XIV

I REGRET to confess that Mr. Woods did not toss feverishly about his bed all through the silent watches of the night. He was very miserable, but he was also twenty-six That is an age when the blind bow-god deals no fatal wounds It is an age to suffer poignantly, if you will; an age wherein to aspire to the dearest woman on earth, to write her halting verses, to lose her, to affect the *clichés* of cynicism, to hear the chimes at midnight—and, after it all, to sleep like a top

So Billy slept. And kind Hypnos loosed a dream through the gates of ivory that lifted him to a delectable land where Peggy was nineteen, and had never heard of Kennaston, and was unbelievably sweet and dear and beautiful. But presently they and the Colonel put forth to sea—on a great carved writing-desk—fishing for sharks, which the Colonel said were very plentiful in those waters; and Frederick R. Woods climbed up out of the sea, and said Billy was a fool and must go to college; and Peggy said that was impossible, as seventeen hundred and fifty thousand children had to be given an education apiece, and they couldn't spare one for Billy; and a missionary from Zambesi Land came out of one of the secret drawers and said Billy must give him both of his feet, as he needed them for his working-girls' classes, and thereupon the sharks poked their heads out of the water and began, in a deafening chorus, to cry, "Feet, feet, feet!" And then Billy woke with a start, and found it was only the birds chattering in the dawn outside

Then he was miserable.

He tossed, and groaned, and dozed, and smoked cigarettes until he could stand it no longer. He got up and dressed, in sheer desperation, and went for a walk in the gardens.

The day was clear as a new-minted coin. It was not yet wholly aired, not wholly free from the damp savor of night, but low in the east the sun was taking heart. A mile-long shadow footed it with Billy Woods in his pacings through the amber-checkered gardens. Actæon-like, he surprised the world at its toilet, and its fleeting grace fortified his spirits.

But his thoughts pestered him like gnats. The things he said to the roses it is not necessary to set down.

XV

AFTER a vituperative half-hour or so Mr. Woods was hungry. He came back toward Selwoode; and upon the terrace in front of the house he found Kathleen Saumarez.

During the warm weather one corner of the terrace had been converted, by means of gay red-and-white awnings, into a sort of living-room. There were chairs, tables, sofa-cushions, bowls of roses and any number of bright-colored rugs. Altogether, it was a cozy place, and the glowing hues of its furnishings were very becoming to Mrs. Saumarez, who sat there writing industriously.

It was a thought embarrassing. They had avoided one another yesterday—rather obviously—both striving to put off a necessarily awkward meeting. Now it had come. And now, somehow, their eyes met for a moment, and they laughed frankly, and the awkwardness was gone

"Kathleen," said Mr. Woods with conviction "you're a dear."

"You broke my heart," said she demurely, "but I'm going to forgive you."

Mrs. Saumarez was not striving to be clever now. And, Heavens (thought Billy), how much nicer she was like this! It wasn't the same woman: her thin cheeks flushed arbutus-like, and her rather metallic voice was grown low and gentle. Billy brought memories with him, you see, and, for the moment, she was Kathleen Eppes again—Kathleen Eppes in the first flush of youth, eager, trustful and joyous-hearted, as he had known her long ago. Since then the poor woman had eaten of the bread of dependence and had found it salt enough; she had paid for it daily, enduring a thousand petty slights, a thousand petty insults, and smiling under them as only women can. But she had forgotten now that shrewd Kathleen Saumarez, who must earn her livelihood as best she might. She smiled frankly—a purely unprofessional smile

"I was sorry when I heard you were coming," she said irrelevantly; "but I'm glad now."

Mr. Woods—I grieve to relate it—was still holding her hand in his. There stirred in his pulses the thrill Kathleen Eppes had always wakened—a thrill of memory now, a mere wraith of emotion. He was thinking of a certain pink-cheeked girl with crinkly black-brown hair and eyes that he had likened to chrysoberyls—and he wondered whimsically what had become of her. This was not she. This was assuredly not Kathleen, for this woman had a large mouth—a humorous and kindly mouth, it was true, but undeniably a large one—whereas Kathleen's mouth had been quite perfect and rather diminutive than otherwise. Hadn't he rhymed of it often enough to know?

They stood gazing at one another for a long time; and in the back of Billy's brain lines of his old verses sang themselves to a sad little tune—the verses that reproved the idiocy of all other poets, who had very foolishly written their sonnets to other women: and yet, as the jingle pointed out,

Had these poets ever strayed
In thy path, they had not made
Random rhymes of Arabella,
Songs of Dolly, hymns of Stella,
Lays of Lalage or Chloris—
Not of Daphne nor of Doris,
Florimel nor Amaryllis,
Nor of Phyllida nor Phyllis,
Were their wanton melodies:
But all of these—
All their melodies had been
Of thee, Kathleen.

Would they have been? Billy thought it improbable. The verses were very silly; and, recalling the big, blundering boy who had written them, Billy began to wonder—somewhat forlornly—whither he, too, had vanished. He and the girl he had gone mad for both seemed rather mythical—legendary as King Pepin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saumarez—and, oh, she startled him—"I fancy they're both quite dead by now. Billy," she cried earnestly; "don't laugh at them!—don't laugh at those dear, foolish children! I—somehow, I couldn't bear that, Billy."

"Kathleen," said Mr. Woods in admiration, "you're a witch. I wasn't laughing, though, my dear. I was developing quite a twilight mood over them—a plaintive, old-lettery sort of mood, you know."

She sighed a little. "Yes—I know." Then her eyelids flickered in a parody of Kathleen's glance, that Billy noted with a queer tenderness. "Come and talk to me, Billy," she commanded. "I'm an early bird this morning, and entitled to the very biggest and best-looking worm I can find You're only a worm, you know—we're all worms. Mr Jukesbury told me so last night—making an exception in my favor, for it appears I'm an angel. He was amorously inclined last night, the tipsy, old fraud! It's shameless, Billy, the amount of money he gets out of Miss Hugonin for the deserving poor. Do you know, I rather fancy he classes himself under that head? And I grant you, he's poor enough—but deserving!" Mrs. Saumarez snapped her fingers eloquently.

"Eh?—shark, eh?" queried Mr. Woods in some discomfort

She nodded. "He is as bad as Sarah Haggage," she informed him, "and everybody knows what a bloodsucker she is. The Haggage is a disease, Billy, that all rich women are exposed to—'more easily caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad.' Depend upon it, Billy, those two will have every penny they can get out of your uncle's money"

"Peggy's so generous," he pleaded. "She wants to make everybody happy—bring about a general millennium, you know."

"She pays dearly enough for her fancies," said Mrs Saumarez in a hard voice. Then, after a little, she cried suddenly: "Oh, Billy, Billy, it shames me to think of how we lie to her and toady to her, and lead her on from one mad scheme to another!—all for the sake of the money we can pilfer incidentally! We're all arrant hypocrites, you know; I'm no better than the others, Billy—not a bit better. But my husband left me so poor, and I had always been accustomed to the pretty things of life, and I couldn't—I couldn't give them up, Billy. I love them too dearly. So I lie and toady and write driveling talks about things I don't understand, for driveling women to listen to, and I still have the creature comforts of life. I pawn my self-respect for them—that's all Such a little price to pay, isn't it, Billy?"

She spoke in a sort of frenzy. I dare say that at the outset she wanted Mr. Woods to know the worst of her, knowing he could not fail to discover it in time. Billy brought memories with him, you see; and this shrewd, hard woman wanted, somehow, more than anything else in the world, that he should think well of her. So she babbled out the whole pitiful story, waiting in a sort of terror to see contempt and disgust awaken in his eyes

But he merely said, "I see—I see," very slowly, and his eyes were kindly. He couldn't be angry with her, somehow; that pink-cheeked, crinkly-haired girl stood between them and shielded her. He was only very, very sorry

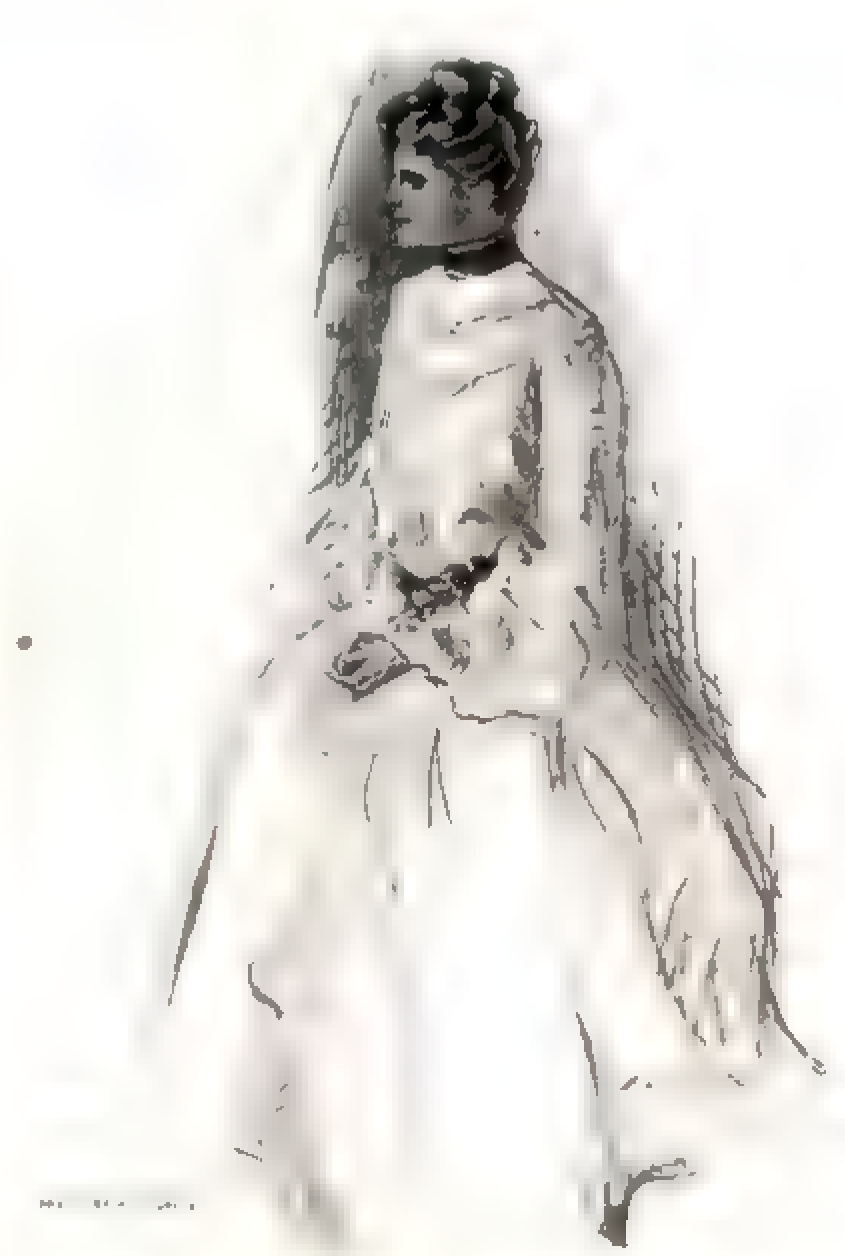
"And Kennaston?" he asked, after a little.

Mrs. Saumarez flushed. "Mr. Kennaston is a man of great genius," she said quickly. "Of course, Miss Hugonin is glad to assist him in publishing his books—it's an honor to her that he permits it. They have to be published privately, you know, as the general public isn't capable of appreciating such dainty little masterpieces. Oh, don't make any mistake, Billy—Mr. Kennaston is a very wonderful and very admirable man."

"H'm, yes; he struck me as being an unusually nice chap," said Mr Woods untruthfully. "I dare say they'll be very happy"

"Who?" Mrs. Saumarez demanded

"Why—er—I don't suppose they'll make any secret of it," Billy stammered, in tardy repentance of his hasty speaking "Peggy told me last night she had accepted him."



SO SHE BABBLED OUT THE WHOLE PITIFUL STORY

Mrs. Saumarez turned to rearrange a bowl of roses. She seemed to have some difficulty over it.

"Billy," she spoke, inconsequently, and with averted head, "an honest man is the noblest work of God—and the rarest."

Billy groaned.

"Do you know," said he, "I've just been telling the roses in the gardens yonder the same thing about women? I'm a misogynist this morning. I've decided no woman is worthy of being loved."

"That is quite true," she assented; "but, on the other hand, no man is worthy of loving."

Billy smiled.

"I've likewise come to the conclusion," said he, "that a man's love is like his hat, in that any peg will do to hang it on; also, in that the proper and best place for it is on his own head. Oh, I assure you, I vented any number of cheap cynicisms on the helpless roses! And yet—will you believe it, Kathleen?—it doesn't seem to make me feel a bit better—no, not a bit."

"It's very like his hat," she declared, "in that he has a new one every year." Then she rested her hand on his in a half-maternal fashion. "What's the matter, boy?" she asked softly. "You're always so fresh and wholesome. I don't like to see you like this. Better leave phrase-making to us phrase-mongers."

Her voice rang true—true and compassionate and tender, and all that a woman's voice should be. Billy could not but trust her.

"I've been an ass," said he, rather tragically. "Oh, not an unusual ass, Kathleen—just the sort men are always making of themselves. You see, before I went to France there was a girl I—cared for. And I let a quarrel come between us—a foolish, trifling, idle little quarrel, Kathleen, that we might have made up in a half hour. But I was too proud, you see—no, I wasn't proud, either," Mr. Woods amended bitterly; "I was simply pig-headed and mulish. So I went away. And yesterday I saw her again and realized that I—still cared. That's all, Kathleen. It isn't an unusual story." And Mr. Woods laughed mirthlessly and took a turn on the terrace.

Mrs. Saumarez was regarding him intently. Her cheeks were of a deeper, more attractive pink, and her breath came and went quickly.

"I—I don't understand," she said, in a rather queer voice.

"Oh, it's simple enough," Billy assured her. "You see, she—well, I think she would have married me once. Yes, she cared for me once. And I quarreled with her. I, conceited young ass that I was, actually presumed to dictate to the dearest, sweetest, most lovable woman on earth, and tell her what she must do and what she mustn't. I!—good Lord, I, who wasn't worthy to sweep a crossing clean for her!—who wasn't worthy to breathe the same air with her!—who wasn't worthy to exist in the same world she honored by living in! Oh, I *was* an ass! But I've paid for it. Oh, yes, Kathleen, I've paid dearly for it, and I'll pay more dearly yet before I've done. I tried to avoid her yesterday—you must have seen that. And I couldn't—I give you my word, I could no more have kept away from her than I could have spread a pair of wings and flown away. She doesn't care a bit for me now; but I can no more give up loving her than I can give up eating my dinner. That isn't a pretty simile, Kathleen, but it expresses the way I feel toward her. It isn't merely that I want her, it's more than that—oh, far more than that. I simply can't do without her. Don't you understand, Kathleen?" he asked desperately.

"Yes—I think I understand," she said, when he had ended. "I—oh, Billy, I am almost sorry. It's dear of you—dear of you, Billy, to care for me still, but—but I'm almost sorry you care so much. I'm not worth it, boy dear. And I—I really don't know what to say. You must let me think."

Mr. Woods gave an inarticulate sound. The face she turned to him was perplexed, half-sad, fond, a little pleased and strangely compassionate. It was Kathleen Eppes who sat beside him; the six years were as utterly forgotten as the name of Magdalen's first lover. She was a girl again listening—with a heart that fluttered, I dare say—to the wild talk, the mad dithyrambics of a big, blundering boy.

The ludicrous horror of it stunned Mr. Woods. He could no more have told her of her mistake than he could have struck her in the face.

"Kathleen!" said he vaguely.

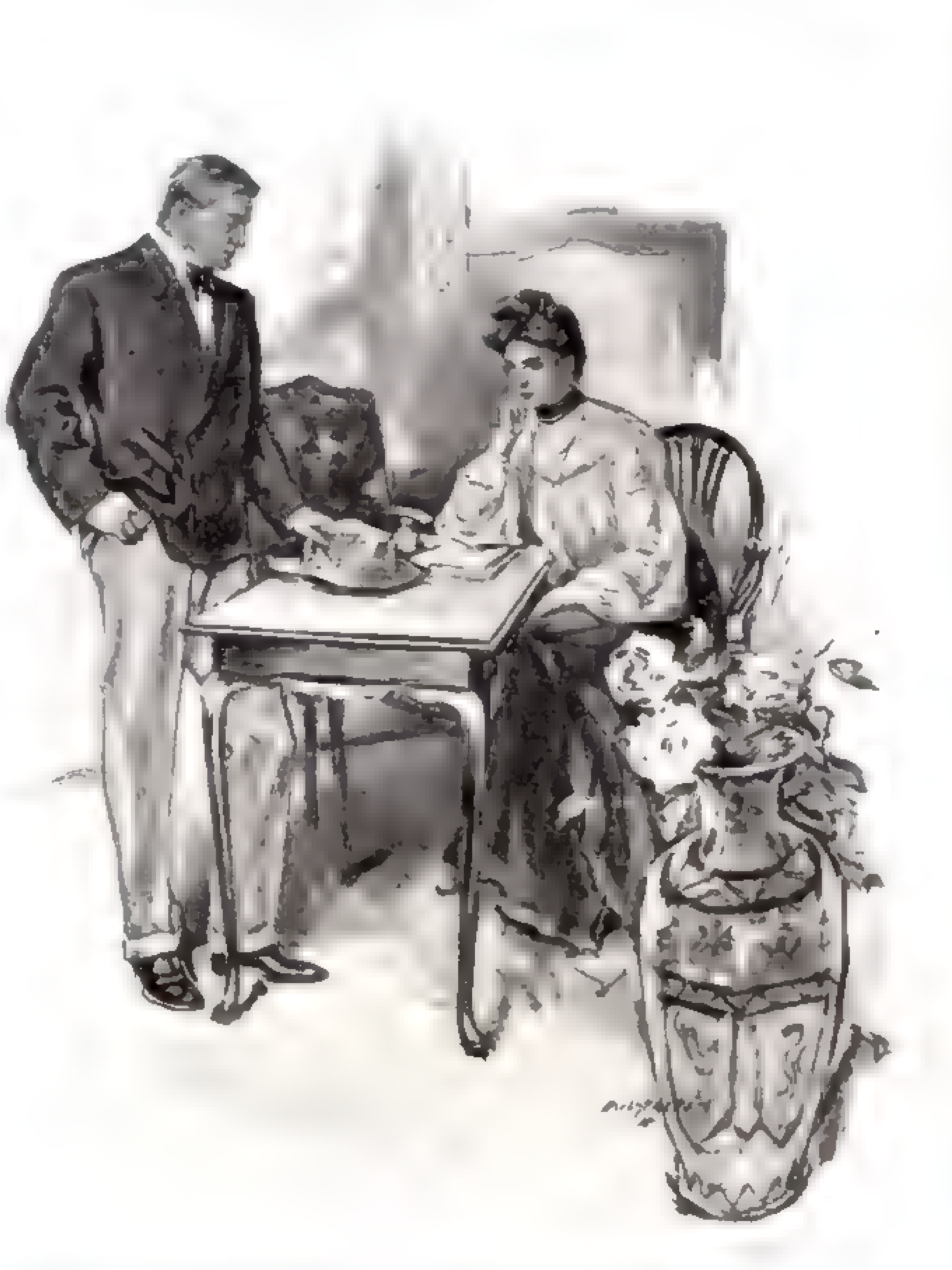
"Let me think—ah, let me think, Billy!" she pleaded, in a flutter of joy and amazement. "Go away, boy dear—go away for a little and let me think! I'm not an emotional woman, but I'm on the verge of hysterics now for—for several reasons. Go in to breakfast, Billy! I—I want to be alone. You've made me very proud and—and sorry, I think—and—oh, I don't know, boy dear. But please go now—please!"

Billy went.

In the living-hall he paused to inspect a picture with peculiar interest. Since Kathleen cared for him, he thought, rather forlornly, he must perjure himself in as plausible a manner as might be possible; please God, having done what he had done, he would lie to her like a gentleman and try to make her happy.

A vision in incredible violet ruffles, coming down to breakfast, saw him, and paused on the stairway, and flushed and laughed deliciously.

Poor Billy stared at her; and his heart gave a great bound and then appeared to stop for an indefinite time.



"YOU SEE, SHE—WELL, I THINK SHE WOULD HAVE MARRIED ME ONCE"

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Woods in his soul. "And I thought I was an ass last night! Why, last night, in comparison, I displayed intelligence that was almost human! Oh, Peggy, Peggy! if I only dared tell you what I think of you I believe I would gladly die afterward—yes, I'm sure I would. You really haven't any right to be so beautiful—it isn't fair to us, Peggy!"

But the vision was peeping over the banisters at him, and the vision's eyes were sparkling with a lucent mischief, and a wonderful, half-hushed contralto was demanding of him:

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?"

And Billy's baritone answered her:

"I've been to seek a wife——

and broke off in a groan.

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Woods.

VII

BREAKFAST Margaret enjoyed hugely. I regret to confess that the fact that every one of her guests was more or less miserable moved this hard-hearted young woman to untimely and excessive mirth. Kennaston she pitied a little; but his bearing toward her ranged ludicrously from that of proprietorship to that of supplication, and, moreover, she was furious with him for having hinted at various times that Billy was a fortune-hunter.

Margaret was quite confident by this that she had never believed him—"not really, you know"—having argued the point out at some length the night before, and reaching her conclusion by a course of reasoning peculiar to herself.

Mr. Woods, as you may readily conceive, was sunk in the Slough of Despond deeper than ever plummet sounded. Margaret thought this very nice of him; it was a delicate tribute to her that he ate nothing; and the fact that Hugh Van Orden and Petheridge Jukesbury—as she believed—acted in precisely the same way, for precisely the same reason, merely demonstrated, of course, their overwhelming conceit and presumption.

So, sitting in the great Eagle's shadow, she ate a quantity of marmalade—she was wont to begin the day in this ungodly English fashion—and gossiped like a brook trotting over sunlit pebbles. She had planned a pulverizing surprise for the house-party; and, in due time, she intended to explode it and subsequently Billy was to apologize for his conduct, and then they were to live happily ever afterward.

She had not yet decided what he was to apologize for; that was his affair. His conscience ought to have told him, by this, wherein he had offended; and if his conscience hadn't, why, then, of course, he would have to apologize for his lack of proper sensibility.

After breakfast she went, according to her usual custom, to her father's rooms, for, as I think I have told you, the old gentleman was never visible until noon. She had astonishing news for him.

What time she divulged it, the others sat on the terrace, and Mr. Kennaston read to them, as he had promised, from his Defense of Ignorance. It proved a welcome diversion to more than one of the party. Mr. Woods, especially, esteemed it a godsend; it staved off misfortune for, at least, a little; so he sat at Kathleen's side in silence, trying desperately to be happy, trying desperately not to see the tiny wrinkles, the faint crow's-feet Time had sketched in her face as a memorandum of the work he meant to do shortly.

Billy consoled himself with the reflection that he was very fond of her; but, oh! what worship, what adoration he could accord this woman if she would only decline—positively—to have anything whatever to do with him!

I think we ought not to miss hearing Mr. Kennaston's discourse. It is generally conceded that his style is wonderfully clever; and I have no doubt that his detractors—who complain that this style is mere word-twisting, a mere inversion of the most ancient truisms—are actuated by the very basest jealousy. But Billy was little interested in questions of style and had no answer when Mr. Kennaston asked, "Is it any cause for wonder that, under this cheerless influence, our poetry is either silent or unsold? The true poet must be ignorant, for information is the thief of rhyme. And it is only in dealing with——"

Kennaston paused. Margaret had appeared in the vestibule, and behind her stood her father, looking very grave.

"We have made a most interesting discovery," Miss Hugonin airily announced to the world at large. "It appears that Uncle Fred left all his property to Mr. Woods here. We found the will only last night. I'm sure you'll all be interested to learn I'm a pauper now, and intend to support myself by plain sewing. Any work of this nature you may choose to favor me with, ladies and gentlemen, will receive my most *earnest* attention."

She dropped a courtesy. The scene appealed to her taste for the dramatic.

Billy came toward her quickly.

"Peggy," he demanded of her, in the semi-privacy of the vestibule, "will you kindly elucidate the meaning of this da—this absurd foolishness?"

"Why, this," she explained easily, and exhibited a folded paper. "I found it in the grate last night."

He inspected it with large eyes. "That's absurd," he said at length. "You know perfectly well this will isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"My dear sir," she informed him coldly, "you are vastly mistaken. You see, I've burned the other one." She pushed by him. "Mr. Kennaston, are you ready for our walk?—we'll finish the paper some other time. Wasn't it the strangest thing in the world——?" Her dear, deep, mellow voice died away as she and Kennaston disappeared in the gardens.

Billy gasped.

But meanwhile Colonel Hugonin had given the members of his daughter's house-party some inkling as to the present posture of affairs. They were gazing at Billy Woods rather curiously. He stood in the vestibule of Selwoode, staring after Margaret Hugonin; but they stared at him, and over his curly head, sculptured above the doorway, they saw the Eagle—the symbol of the crude, incalculable power of wealth.

Mr. Woods stood in the vestibule of his own house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶After marriage money makes the pair go.

¶A fortune teller is not always a paying teller.

¶Both political clouds this year have gold linings.

¶Duty well done is noble; if properly advertised it is fame

¶Man wants but little here below, but he objects to being short.

¶Change of climate often gets the credit for the benefit that comes from a change of mind.

¶The curious who wanted to know what became of the pins or where the flies went are now anxious to ascertain the destination of the campaign funds.

❧

The Stormy Sea of Liberty

THESE sentences sound as if they were from a speech or an editorial of yesterday:

"Increasing disregard for law pervades the country — the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are not the creature of climate. Whatever their course may be, it is common to the whole country."

But those sentences, descriptive of conditions which would generally and profoundly alarm us did they exist to-day, are taken from a speech by Lincoln delivered in 1837, a quarter of a century before the Civil War and sixty years ago.

And still we stagger on; and the things that make our pessimists stew and sweat to-day are so much less formidable than the things that justly alarmed sober, unhysterical men for free institutions in our earlier days. The sea of liberty is indeed stormy, as Jefferson said! But ours is a ship that was built for storms.

❧

The World's Interest in War

RECENT events in the Red Sea and off the coast of Japan have furnished an instructive commentary on the pretension that the war between Russia and Japan is purely the affair of the belligerents, and that any other Powers would be meddling in matters that did not concern them if they should offer their mediation in the interest of peace.

The Russians have been seizing British, German and American property on the high seas — that is to say, they have dragged three peaceful nations into the war against their will. In ordinary times an American steamer sails for Japan with a cargo of flour. She is in a legitimate and praiseworthy business. Her owners feel themselves good citizens, and they can call upon their Government for protection against any pirates that may interfere with them. But Russia and Japan choose to quarrel. Instantly, through no fault of his own, the American shipowner becomes an outlaw. Instead of heading boldly for her port, secure in the protection of a flag that none will dare to molest, his vessel has to dodge like a criminal, and take chances of capture and destruction if she meets a Russian cruiser

All this may be in strict accordance with international law, but it reduces to an absurdity the idea that the combatants in a war are the only parties that have any interest in its course and outcome. The neutral Powers in war occupy precisely the position of the general public in a strike. They suffer every day it lasts. They have every right to demand that it shall not last a day longer than necessary

Men like Tolstoi, who preach the total abolition of war, are called unpractical idealists. Perhaps they are, but if ever there was a practical evil it is the one they are trying to root out. Leaving aside all questions of humanity, a war between great Powers means money out of the pockets of all the nations of the world; and in an age of business that should be enough to lead to some serious efforts for its abolition

❧

The Marriage of Cheats and Dupes

AN HONEST and conservative metropolitan real-estate agent lately gave it as his experience that there is a natural affinity between the cheat and the dupe. The world is full of opportunities for large and certain gains in investment, he said; but it is quite impossible to interest the natural-born dupe in any of them. He instanced a case where he vainly urged an investment now regularly netting twelve per cent. upon a man who the next day dropped his pile — or hoisted it — into the promotion of an airship company. Both dupe and cheat have imagination — the one unbalanced by common-sense, and the other unbalanced by honesty.

There is a limit, however, to the imagination of even the most willing dupe. A case was reported the other day of a widow who gave to a friendly spiritualist sums ranging from $50 to $250, and aggregating $1100, which, as she readily believed, her departed husband had need of in the other world. When the graft was at its best the wife of the spiritualist called on the dupe and said that the departed husband had expressed a desire for a pair of bisque figurines that adorned her mantelpiece. At this the widow revolted, and, her suspicions aroused, haled the spiritualist into court The limit of her imagination was her bisque figurines.

A play was given some time ago in London in which a politician, who had won his way by dropping gold sovereigns into the contribution-box on Sundays, became a boodler, as we should say, and was rebuked by the spirits of dead statesmen, who stepped out of their frames in the lordly mansion he had bought with his boodle. One spectator left the pit in high dudgeon. "I don't say there ain't no sperruts, and all that," he remarked; "but that a man should drup a suvring into the contribution, that ain't in 'uman natur'!"

Have we not all of us, even the greatest sharps, an element of the dupe? Cæsar groveled in superstitious abasement before the statue of a goddess he imagined he had offended, and Napoleon at least half believed that theatrical rubbish about his star. The greater and more philosophical the mind, in fact, the more surely it recognizes that in all human affairs the element of the unknown, the mystical, is vastly in excess of the known and the knowable.

Yet there is the clearest of all distinctions between the Napoleons and the repositories of gold bricks. When the Napoleons are in action they never forget that Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions. They reserve their talk about their stars for idle moments

❧

Race Suicide and Peace

WHEN President Roosevelt sounded his alarm bell over the diminishing size of modern families he overlooked one consideration that may be worth taking into account before ordering our mourning for the decadent human race.

What is the cause of the war that is desolating Eastern Asia? It is "expansion." Expanding Russia has come into collision with expanding Japan. One or the other must give way, and Kuroki's argument with Kuropatkin is to decide which that shall be

But why do Russia and Japan feel the need of expanding? Because Japan is under the pressure of economic necessity because Russia is spurred on by ambition.

Why has France changed from the most restless, ambitious and aggressive Power in Europe to the most peaceful and contented? Because her people are not increasing, and the land that is enough for one generation is enough for the next. Why are German ambitions the greatest menace to the peace of the world? Because the swarming population of Germany is constantly pressing on her cramped boundaries

Peaceful expansion is expansion in a vacuum. That is the only kind we had known before 1898, assuming that Indians and Mexicans do not count But there comes a time in the career of every expanding nation when it impinges upon another expanding nation, or at least upon a nation that is not disposed to be crowded aside. We can no longer expand on the North American continent without taking account of the ambitions of Canada and Mexico. Canada's desire to grow is absolutely barred by the United States, and we see her reaching hungrily for bits of ice in the Arctic Ocean and casting covetous glances upon the rocklets of St Pierre and Miquelon

Fortunately, we have land enough of our own to support all the people we are likely to have for a generation or two to come. But if there were a little race suicide in Germany all the owners of undeveloped real estate in the world would breathe more freely and there would be more activity around Mr. Carnegie's peace palace at The Hague

❧

Wanted, by the Millions!

WANTED by the millions, the ever-increasing millions, who must lead sedentary lives, an *interesting* exercise One that doesn't take up too much time. One that doesn't become an end in itself. One that makes the blood circulate properly, yet does not pile on the bones those masses of useless muscle that change to loose fat presently

It used to be said that there was no royal road to learning But there was and it has been found, and the whole world is now beginning to travel in its trains de luxe. There is a royal road to everything, could we but find it. So here is a chance for those thrice-blessed men, the inventors of trouble-saving machinery of so many kinds:

An exercise that isn't a bore

❧

The Cure by Oratory

THE spellbinders are at work by the score, and are getting ready by the hundred. They are many, yet far too few. They should be getting ready by the tens of thousands.

Every man ought to learn to be able to stand up before his fellowmen and clearly and briefly unfold his mind. There is no better recreation than oratory. It develops the muscles of the brain and of the body. It is an almost perfect safeguard against lung troubles. If there were more oratory there would be less public lying, less public misrepresentation, less patience on the part of the public with wind-bags and partisan frauds. We judge best that which we understand from personal experience.

❧

Destiny and Assassination

APROPOS of the case of Cæsar and his Brutus, the philosophical historians have assured us that murder never swerved the course of human destiny. But the history of Russia, of which the murders of Bobrikoff and De Plehve are characteristic examples, they sum up in the phrase: "Absolute monarchy tempered by assassination." Wisdom crieth two voices in the streets.

The difference between the two voices is perhaps not so great as it seems. The theory of the Russian body politic, which has lived and gained strength for centuries, is that the Russ is destined to dominate the nations of the earth, and that Greek Christianity is the religion appointed by God for all mankind. As keen and experienced an observer as our former Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Mr. Andrew D. White, is of the opinion that De Plehve, whom he knew personally to be moderate and right-minded, was a victim of private ambition — to gain and keep his power he obeyed the mandates of the dominant court party, bent on manifesting what they conceived to be Slavic destiny. The oppression of Pole and Finn, and of all the motley races subject to the Czar, is a measure calculated in cold blood to execute the divine will

Can assassination alter Russian destiny? Probably not. The one unmistakable lesson of modern history is that the world is steadily and inevitably progressing toward political and religious freedom. Napoleon's dream of universal dominion proved the last, and the fatal, infirmity of a noble intellect. And what was impossible a century ago is vastly less possible now The one thing fatal to the Russian dream of world imperialism is modern education, and there can be little doubt in an unprejudiced mind that not even the vodka-clouded mind of the moujik can remain forever in its mediæval abasement. Enlightenment and not murder will be the death of the dream of the house of Romanoff

There is a difference, meantime, between Brutus and the recent assassinations in Russia. The friends of the Roman Republic had lost their cause in liberal and open fight. The friends of Russian freedom are denied the fundamental condition of advancing their cause — the freedom of speech The murders of Bobrikoff and De Plehve are at bottom nothing more than a plea for justice and freedom, which an insupportable tyranny has aborted. They cannot swerve the course of Russian destiny, but they may hasten it

The Big Granger Lines

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway

By Frank H. Spearman

THE ELECTRIC HEADLIGHT

THIRTY years ago the farmers of the Northwest, after voting a high tariff ticket conscientiously for ten years, concluded that something was wrong, and without suspecting the tariff they set vigorously about reforming the railroads. Over Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa ran an epidemic of railroad legislation as lively as a prairie fire, and the movement took on a political activity that surprised the country. The organization through which the farmers worked was a fraternal association known as the Grange and the movement became famous as the Granger movement. But the Northwestern farmer wakened only long enough to rub his eyes: the political nurses who looked after his tariff interests explained that his real destiny lay for another generation in taxing the paint off his cradle to make other people rich, and, under the soothing syrup of the statesmen of that day, he went again to sleep.

The Grange has gone the way of all orders political: its legislation lies forgotten on the statute-books, but the movement left those railroads lying within reach of the Granger laws a name that survives. Wall Street dubbed the Northwest roads the Granger Lines, and prominent in the group, then as now, is the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

In this system lies the story of the first railroad built in the State of Wisconsin. This was the first road to give an Eastern outlet by rail to the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and one of the very first roads to adopt the system of shipping grain in bulk, which marked the beginning of the modern grain elevator. The St. Paul road is essentially a Wisconsin road in its beginnings—the work of Wisconsin men and a product of Wisconsin planning. It is founded on three little railroads, one of which was planned within ten years after the definite settlement of Milwaukee and Wisconsin in 1836. The story divides itself very clearly into two periods: the first before 1887, when Wall Street influences controlled the road's possibilities; the second after 1887, when the St. Paul shook off speculative control and became a railroad in the true sense. The year 1887 marks the real turning point in St. Paul fortunes: after that no more fancy branches, no more speculative rigging, but straightaway railroading.

From beginnings that were random a system has been built up so unified now that each of its constituent lines has been merged even as to corporate organization in the big parent company. The St. Paul controls no subordinate lines; it absorbs them, makes them a part of itself, and their identity becomes merged absolutely into the strength of the whole system. To-day it has no corporate creature within its fold.

The Distinctive St. Paul Policy

THIS policy is by no means accidental. It is a policy of individuality, so to say, the result of a well-defined plan of the real St. Paul founders, and it will be interesting to watch its development to the minute details of management. For twenty years the system has adhered to a clearly marked course. It has acquired distinct policies, and they have become a code. It is almost a St. Paul maxim, for example, that the worst use you can put a man to is to discharge him. St. Paul men have come from the operator's key through all of the intermediate steps even to the president's table, and the acumen, administrative ability and strengthening judgment of men distinctly St. Paul bred has been recognized in the whole American railroad world. It has, like the Burlington, become recognized as a railroad training-school of the first order.

Of the territory in which these St. Paul lines were originally projected there has never been but one opinion. State for State it has probably no industrial equal in the world. Minnesota alone raised last year one-ninth of the spring wheat crop of the United States. Illinois produced one-tenth of all the grain raised in the country, and Iowa one-tenth of all the corn. Iowa's whole grain crop amounted to 300,000 carloads. North Dakota contains 76,000 square miles, and practically every acre of this land is tillable. South Dakota is even larger with 86,000 square miles, and, outside the mineral wealth of the Black Hills, is given wholly to agriculture, dairying and stock-raising. The Dakotas are, in effect, vast national granaries and meat preserves, and the St. Paul counts 1200 miles of track in the Dakotas and 1800 miles in Iowa.

Wisconsin, in resources, is a nation in itself. It is the most cosmopolitan of our States, and three-fourths of its people are of foreign birth or parentage. Wisconsin counts 100 grasses, and, if Nature has denied to it coal, it has given it sixty forest trees. Swept by glaciers ages ago, the landscape hollows of this early moraine present an unending variety of lakes. It is the land of lakes; there are some 2000 scattered over this single State, and they are notable for every charm of the forest landscape. They lie in a climate more rarely favored than perhaps any of our national playgrounds. They have the seclusion and the charm of the English lake and the sun and the air of Switzerland. Their elevation, even, is a surprise. One of these landscape mirrors, Trout Lake, lies more than 1500 feet above the level of the sea—almost 1000 feet above Lake Michigan close beside it. In Wisconsin's forests are the spruce, the pines and the larch; the yew is there and the birches, the wild iris and the violet, the blue bell, the clematis and the brier rose.

Into this rich territory have come people from every State in Europe save Turkey. They have made their own settlements, preserved in many interesting instances the best of their native customs, clung tenaciously to their religious faiths, worked unceasingly and prospered. Wisconsin is a Commonwealth in industrial contentment. To the whole Northwest this admixture of foreign peoples in Wisconsin has shown the remarkable industrial possibilities in dairying. The abounding springs, the rushing waters of the rivers, and the cool of the clear, deep lakes in Wisconsin all suggest the dairy, and native grasses afford the richest of grazing for the herd. On the wild beaver meadows of northern Wisconsin the prairie blue-stem is found, the bunch grass of the plains, the grama and the buffalo grass. The baled hay brought years ago into the logging camps has fertilized the lands left desolate by the lumbermen. And not alone have cattle a first place on these cut-over lands: sheep are brought from the Wyoming and Colorado ranges, summered on Wisconsin herbage, and brought in the fall to the Chicago market as grass-fed mutton. On the raw brush land the Angora goat thrives and not only civilizes but fertilizes the soil where it browses. A flock of 100 Angoras is equal, it is said, to the best woodsman in clearing cut-over brush lands.

In Minnesota, white men found the buffalo and the wild horse. Old Jonathan Carver, writing more than 130 years ago, describes the flow of the river St. Pierre through a region where trees bend under their weight of fruits, where meadows are green with the vine of the hop and the waters teem with celery and wild rice; where the earth is stored with useful roots, with angelica and spikenard; where bluffs rise boldly and are crowned with hickory and maple. Carver tells of the wild duck and the swan, of the brant and the goose, and the partridge and the wild turkey. This is Minnesota: its beauty, fertility and lasting charm have stirred red men and white. Into this land has flowed for the last fifty years the hardiest strains of the blood of northern Europe, the big, light haired, blue-eyed, blond people who rejoice in the work of the field and glory in the chill, bright sun of winter. In Minnesota there are dainty cataracts, lakes that lie in chains, and forests not yet wholly sacrificed to American haste and waste.

The Northward March of the Wheat Field

TO RAILROADS it would be hard to present a more tempting field, and the growth of the railroad in such a territory is an easy and natural following of the territory's development under the aids of industry and transportation. To put the matter very simply, the story of the railroad in the Northwest is the story of the wheat field. There were lesser interests, of course, as when a road was built into a timbered country for the lumber traffic. Grain, however, in the beginning was the chief matter. What is most unexpected in the growth of Northwest traffic is the way in which, on the Granger lines, grain as a traffic king has been dethroned. The explanation, too, has its peculiar interest in this: that the wheat field is continually being pushed farther West. This has always been so: with the vanguard of civilization, the wheat field has followed the frontier. It has been driven in earlier generations from Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. It lies now west of the Missouri River and north in Minnesota and the Dakotas. Curiously enough, too, checked on the west by the Rockies, it has turned north and to the north, and is receding, with a swiftness that is startling, beyond our national boundary line. When our first transcontinental railroad was built, learned men attempted by isothermal demonstration to prove that wheat could not profitably be grown north of where the line was projected; but the real granary of the world lies up to 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the day is not indefinitely distant when the United States will knock at the doors of Canada for its bread. Railroad men see such a day; it may be hoped that statesmen also will see it, and arrange their reciprocities while they may do so gracefully. Americans already have swarmed into that far country and to a degree have taken the American wheat field with them. Despite the fact that for years a little Dakota station on the

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the larger strategy of the great railways. The concluding paper in the series will appear in an early number.

St Paul road — Eureka — held the distinction of being the largest primary grain market in the world, the Dakotas and Minnesota will one day yield their palm to Saskatchewan

The St. Paul, then, being a Granger line, began with the wheat field. Within the ten years since 1894 the shifting importance of the grain movement is told in the traffic reports. In 1894 grain made up thirty-two per cent. of St. Paul traffic; in 1903 it made up only twenty-three per cent.; yet the St Paul system carried twice as much grain in 1903 as in 1894. In spite, therefore, of a constantly increasing grain traffic, the growth of other traffic in St Paul territory has in one decade crowded the grain percentage down almost ten per cent. in the totals. The explanation is diversified farming, manufacturing, and that increase in miscellaneous traffic that follows growing wealth in a community Diversified farming has taken possession of the Granger lines territory. The old-time hazard of a single crop is quite a thing of the past in Iowa, Minnesota and to a great extent in the Dakotas, where in the beginning only wheat was raised. The St Paul goes back to the day when wheat was shipped in bags The receiver of one of the early roads merged into the St. Paul asked for a court order authorizing him to build a grain elevator at La Crosse, Wisconsin, for the purpose of handling shipments of grain in bulk. Grain came down the river then in barges, and the St. Paul road began shipping bulk grain over its rails from Prairie du Chien; and the St Paul, growing in prosperity, has lived to see the wheat field, like the Indian, constantly recede, and to see the decline, through changing conditions in transportation, of that grain elevator system which for one American generation was a supreme industrial achievement.

As early as 1870 the Milwaukee and St. Paul road had become important in Northwestern activities, but Milwaukee, at one time the greatest grain market of the world, was then being passed by Chicago. A Chicago terminal had become for any road in the Northwest a military necessity, and the St Paul built to Chicago and added the Chicago to its name. The movement was a blow dreaded by Milwaukee, but, as is often the unexpected issue the growth of her original railroad has resulted in strengthening Milwaukee herself. Built by Wisconsin men the system for many years was manned by Wisconsin men, but outside blood was good for the road as it grew. When Sir William Van Horne came to the St. Paul from the Alton as general superintendent, he felt so quickly this atmosphere of solidarity among the employees that he said if a man was kicked in Milwaukee he complained on the Missouri River

For transcontinental traffic, then shaping its way through Chicago, an Omaha line had, even in 1870, become logical, and fitted easily into the growing extensions in Iowa and Dakota. Sometimes a war measure became a feature of St. Paul extension, as when the Burlington built up the Mississippi River to St. Paul and Minneapolis and the St. Paul flung an anchor to leeward in the shape of a line to Kansas City; but the true importance of this southwestern outlet, built as a retaliatory measure, was not apparent when it was projected. As some of the early branches built by Wall Street speculators were builded better than they knew, so the southwestern extension of the St Paul has in late years taken on a wholly new significance

Shipping Grain from the Gulf

When the attempt was first made to export grain to Europe by way of the Gulf of Mexico it was found that the cargoes lay so long in sailing vessel holds in the heated Southern waters as to suffer damage. The big, swift tramp steamer, however, has changed this and carries Gulf grain to Liverpool in safety As a consequence, the Gulf is a constantly growing factor in the export of grain, and the Atlantic seaboard a correspondingly declining factor. Such a shifting of traffic puts new and rather grave problems before a Granger line. It is the men watching these constantly moving industrial tides who alone can estimate their force. In private offices like those of Chicago traffic managers this Gulf tide, rising year after year, has been steadily watched, quietly but with no feature of its significance overlooked, and when it comes too high into the North the Granger lines will buy or build to the Gulf, and with the longer haul afforded them will make more money than at present on their grain What the St. Paul may do in a southern direction it would be hazardous to predict, as it would be to say what it may some time do in a northern. This much is obvious: the Granger line began with the wheat field and has followed it closely into Minnesota and the Dakotas; if it moves into and up the valley of the Red River of the North such a step could occasion no surprise, and it will naturally seek to carry the grain as close to tidewater as its competitors carry it

George B Roberts, of the Pennsylvania, once paraphrased an aphorism to the effect that when a railroad ceases to be aggressive it is the beginning of decay. In the sense that all live roads must be, the St Paul is aggressive. Beginning with wheat, it became an ore road and a lumber road. Its northern development drew it naturally to the Lake Superior country and resulted, through the lumber traffic, in establishing farther south an army of manufacturers on its lines. In mineral traffic it has not only a strong footing in the iron and copper countries of Lake Superior but it has the lead traffic of Southwestern Wisconsin. The building of the first lines into the Lake Superior country now makes necessary new dispositions to meet changing conditions

Northern Wisconsin settlement began with the felling of its timber. Wisconsin and Illinois have in consequence grown to be vast manufacturing plants, but with the cutting away of the timber the factories are casting about for new fields of supply in raw material North of Lake Superior, in a belt 200 miles wide and 3000 miles long, lies one of the last of the great North American forests. To this region of the Northwest the factories are turning for their lumber, and the St. Paul must prepare on the south shore of Lake Superior to transship this material which will come across from Canada, and carry it to its manufacturers as far to the south as Rock Island

The Loyalty of St. Paul Employees

I have spoken of the individuality of the St Paul road. It is too marked to overlook From its men it has long enjoyed a quality of loyalty that is exceptional. In the days of the great railroad strike of 1894 there were whole divisions on the system where the disturbance was never felt. It is a saying that a man who once works for the St Paul always works for it. To-day there is no problem more grave in American railroad management than that of enlisting the faithful endeavor of the employee, and this despite the fact that the older men in the railroad service set a remarkable example of fidelity to their work. To continue to-day to secure the results effected by the railroad employee of fifteen years ago is rightly esteemed a triumph of management and one to which the St. Paul may pretty fairly lay claim. A general officer of the St. Paul leaving the system ten years ago would return to-day to find himself known by name to men on outlying divisions whom he had never heard of The old-fashioned railroad had this brotherhood feeling from top to bottom, and it is something we have lost in the enormous growth of the various systems. The spirit when, for example, the Rock Island was a sort of Cable family road — when, if a member of President Cable's family in Chicago was ill, men in Kansas asked for news from the sick-room — is perhaps lost forever from American railroading; but it counted in the traffic results, just the same, and any road that preserves a spirit of such personal interest in its management is fortunate

◆

Carried Away by His Convictions

REPRESENTATIVE GLASS, of Virginia, and Representative Sims, of Tennessee, had a discussion about a ruling by Speaker Cannon. Glass contended that the ruling was right and should be upheld by the Democrats, while Sims said he intended to vote to sustain an appeal

"Why?" asked Glass.

"Because," said Sims, "I have been taught to do it by my observations in the House of Representatives. I remember once when a brilliant man from Georgia came here as a Representative. He knew all about parliamentary practice and his convictions were so firm on many points that he was often moved to vote against his party when he thought the opposition was right."

"Well?" said Glass

"He isn't in Congress now," answered Sims.

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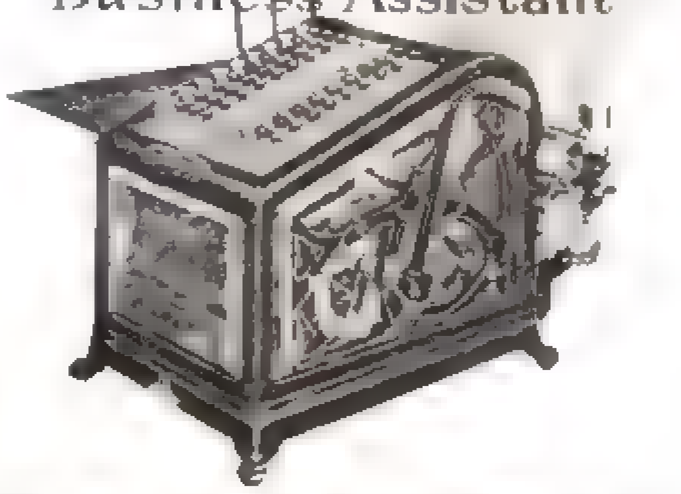

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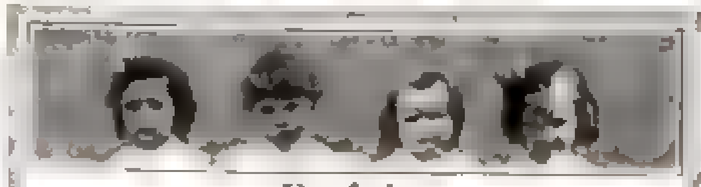

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE — It costs us, and needlessly, 160,000 lives a year. What to do about it.

THE new open-air treatment for consumptives, by which the patients remain night and day, awake or asleep, in a bath of pure atmosphere, is attracting much attention. Whether the weather is warm or cold, they are exposed as much as possible, being protected only from drafts. If it rains or snows they are not shut in, but are merely sheltered against the wet. Thus they have at all times a maximum supply of oxygen, which is hostile to germ life, while kept safe from further infection and supplied with plenty of nourishing food.

The Federal medical authorities have become much interested in the enterprise, and Dr. George M. Sternberg, recently Surgeon-General of the Army, is urging the establishment of open-air hospitals on a considerable scale. Treatment will be restricted to those who are too poor to compass any means for their own relief, and whose removal from their ordinary surroundings will be to the interest of the community at large, in view of the infectiousness of the disease from which they suffer.

The method adopted is to build a number of outdoor shelters, each one to accommodate only two patients, with an administrative headquarters for the physicians in charge. Of course, the plan as yet is in only an experimental stage, but if it proves as successful as is indicated by what has already been achieved such open-air camps will doubtless be established on an extensive scale. Municipalities, for their own protection, can well afford to maintain them, the cost being by no means great.

Nearly ten per cent. of all diseases that carry off human beings before, in the ordinary course of nature, they would die are caused by tuberculosis, which in this country destroys 160,000 lives annually. Nevertheless it is entirely preventable by the adoption of a few simple measures of precaution. Consumption would largely disappear within twenty years if people would refrain from spitting in public or other places where their sputum may dry and be carried about in the air, together with any bacilli it happens to contain.

By the adoption of sanitary measures the mortality from tuberculosis in France has been reduced within twenty years by forty per cent. In Germany it has been lowered in the same way by an equal percentage. Adequate statistics for this country are not obtainable, but in New York City since 1881 there has been a reduction of forty per cent. in deaths from consumption. The problem of getting rid of this frightful plague can be solved only by educating the people and by the rigid enforcement of regulations against promiscuous expectoration.

BOIL YOUR EGGS BY BAROMETER — Directions to housewives who live above the clouds

FOUR minutes are required to boil an egg properly, say the housewives, but that is a rule that applies only at the level of the sea. The boiling point of the thermometer at sea level, barometer 30, is 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but, as a matter of course, it drops with considerable rapidity as the saucepan and the fire ascend into the atmosphere. For example, at Denver, which is about a mile higher than the ocean, the point of boiling is only 201 degrees.

Accordingly, it would be well that a young and inexperienced housekeeper in Denver, taking these facts into consideration, should give thirteen extra seconds to the eggs in her pot, in order to achieve a correct result. On Pike's Peak, which towers aloft to an elevation of 14,000 feet, it would be requisite to allow four minutes and thirty-five seconds. Mount McKinley, in Alaska, is 20,000 feet high, and on its top a prudent traveler would do well to time his eggs for five full minutes after putting them on to boil.

The loftiest elevation on land ever reached by man was attained in 1892 by W. M. Conway, on the summit of Pioneer Peak, in the Himalayas. He found it so difficult to breathe that he was glad to descend again without delay, but if he had paused to boil an egg it would have taken him five minutes and twenty-two seconds. The boiling point of water goes lower as one ascends into the atmosphere at the rate of something like three degrees a thousand feet. Thus it would appear that approximately six minutes would be required for the proper cooking of eggs for one's breakfast on the top of Mount Everest, which is five miles and a half in height and the tallest piece of territory on the earth. However, it is not in the least probable that any human being will ever stand on the summit of this mightiest of mountains because the air is too rarefied to sustain life.

Recently a query has been offered as to whether a ball-player at Denver can possibly curve a baseball so effectively in the relatively thin air of that neighborhood as in Boston or New York, where the pressure of the atmosphere per square inch is two and a half pounds greater. Inasmuch as the curving of a baseball depends upon the resistance offered by the air through which it passes, which serves the purpose of a continuous elastic cushion upon which the rotating sphere impinges, it would seem that a lessened density of the cushion (implying less resistance) must diminish the curve. As yet, however, the question as to whether in actual practice this is so or not remains unsettled.

NATURE'S BUG-DESTROYER — She keeps the beds where "Persian insect-powder" grows clean and sweet.

MOST of the so-called "Persian insect powder" now sold and used in this country is the product of a single farm, 300 acres in extent, near Stockton, California. It is derived from a plant closely resembling in appearance the common field daisy, and is now known to depend for its efficacy upon a greenish volatile oil, which, though harmless to other kinds of animals, suffocates insects.

Not so very many years ago insect-powder cost sixteen dollars a pound, whereas to-day it is sold for forty cents or less. In those days the source of supply and the very nature of the product were a mystery. It had been in use in Asiatic countries for centuries, being exported from Transcaucasia, where the natives did a large and profitable business in its manufacture. Eventually an Armenian merchant discovered the long kept secret, which was simply that the powder was the pulverized flower-heads of a species of pyrethrum that grew wild and plentifully among the mountains.

Later the stuff became an important article of export to all parts of the world from Dalmatia. Many attempts were made to introduce the plant into the United States, but at first without success, because the seeds sold to Americans had been previously baked, to prevent them from sprouting.

COCAINE BECOMING A DANGER — Its use as a drug and manufacture as an ingredient of patent medicines is growing rapidly.

NOT wholly a subject for cheerfulness are certain figures, just published in Brussels, which show an enormous increase in the output of coca leaves and in the manufacture therefrom of the alkaloid called cocaine. The raw material comes from Peru, and exports of it from that country have more than doubled since 1899. Last year they amounted to something like 1,300,000 pounds, the bulk of the product being gathered by Indians from the wild plants in the forests.

Cocaine, of course, is of great usefulness in medicine, particularly as a local anæsthetic, but it is being dangerously misused. Many makers of patent medicines are utilizing it on a large scale. It enters into the composition of numerous catarrh remedies, and is the active ingredient of a variety of nostrums which deaden pain by the simple process of reducing the sensibility of the nerves. The relief it gives in cases of irritation of the nasal passages is due to its property of contracting the little blood-vessels in the mucous membrane.

People take these medicines without knowing that they contain cocaine, are relieved by them temporarily, and acquire a habit for the drug, which is quite as bad as morphine, being not less destructive to the nervous system. It is an excellent illustration of the fact that proprietary remedies which contain powerful toxic agents ought to be labeled with a suitable warning, under compulsion by the law. This is done in European countries, and any evasion of the regulation is punished with severe penalties.

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Foreign Pitfalls for Yankee Travelers

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ

SHREWD as an American traveler may be on his home grounds, he is generally like an innocent, newborn baby when he gets abroad for the first time. He may know all about the tricks and wiles of his native-grown confidence man, all about the snares of the artful bunco steerer, but unless he has been informed and warned by men who have paid for their lesson, he will hardly be able to avoid the pitfalls set for him by that class of foreign merchants — if they may be dignified by that name — who seem to regard the American tourist as their legitimate prey.

The varied traps laid by this guild for the gullible Yankee are of such an unusual character and are set in such an ingenious manner that in nine cases out of ten he will be caught by the alluring bait, for which he is, moreover, eagerly looking. This bait may be an old master, a grandfather's clock, a piece of rare antique furniture, an ancient weapon, a Roman or Greek coin, an Oriental jewel, a sacred relic from Jerusalem, or, for that matter, any old thing.

The following are some of the tricks practiced which, in the course of many years of travel, have come under the personal observation of the writer. Some of these he has been able to circumvent by timely warning to others; to one or two, however, he himself has fallen victim in the earlier period of his experiences.

The Fraud of the Buried Coins

SCENE I: May be witnessed with slight variations in Pompeii, at the Colosseum in Rome, near the ruins of Pæstum, at the Acropolis of Athens, and similar sites. *Dramatis personæ:* Americans, single or in small groups; occasionally foreigners of other nationalities; a guide, a semi-respectable looking peasant or laborer, a single boy or a group of children.

Under the guidance of a professional cicerone you have strolled for hours over classical ground. You have climbed over fallen architraves, sat in the shade of broken Doric or Corinthian columns, mused before destroyed altars, and listened to the stereotyped lectures of your guide. You are in a retrospective mood, and feel, perhaps, the desire that sometimes overcomes the most superficial tourist for a memento of his visit to the historic place. But the guards of the place are always in sight, and the guide impresses on you the strict rule forbidding visitors to take anything from the ruins. Besides, a piece of brick or a small marble fragment is not the kind of a relic that you are hankering for. You know that you can get in the antiquity shops of Rome, Naples and Athens all sorts of relics guaranteed to have been found just at this particular place, but you have also read in the newspapers about factories of antiques, the products of which are sold in just those shops, and you would not think of being foolish enough to go there for a souvenir.

Then, as you leave the sacred spot, you notice a little urchin, or perhaps a group of them, playfully digging in the ground, making mud pies or something of the sort, in the shadow of an ancient wall. Suddenly they seem to get excited, begin to shout, and are about to start a scrap. You step inquisitively nearer — that is, you have unconsciously followed your guide, who inquires into the cause of the excitement. One of the boys has found a few ancient bronze or silver, perhaps a gold, coin, and the other children claim a share in the find. The guide examines the coins and declares them to be rare specimens dating from the same period as the ruins. The children want to sell in order to divide the proceeds.

There is your chance. You could not have struck it luckier. No possible fraud about it, either. Have not you seen the coins dug out of the ground by the innocent little children with your own eyes? The guide advises you, if you wish to buy them, not to give more than a few liras or drachmas, as the case may be, since the youngsters don't know the value of their find.

This just suits you, for there is in every human being the desire to get something for nothing if he can.

You are about to conclude the bargain when a native peasant or laborer approaches. He proves to be the father of the boy who found the coins, and after examining on his part the find he says something about the duty of submitting it to the Government, which, by the way, paid him handsomely a few years ago for two coins exactly like these.

Alas! too bad! You see the valuable relics slip from your hands. Now the guide steps in and whispers to you that the matter can probably be fixed if you really wish to get the coins. Naturally, you will have to pay considerably more, but, at any rate, you will get them much below their real numismatic value. After some haggling between the guide and peasant you gladly agree to the price demanded and — are out fifty to one hundred francs or more; for guide, peasant and children are frauds, the whole incident is a carefully concocted scheme, and the coins come from the identical shops you so prudently avoid in order not to be imposed upon.

The Fraud of the Family Heirlooms

SCENE II: The plot may be laid in Smyrna, Beirut, or any of the seaports of the Asia-Turkish empire. *Dramatis personæ:* About the same as in Scene I.

You have, perhaps, gone to see ancient Ephesus or Magnesia. As usual, when traveling in the Orient, you have your dragoman with you who plans the doings of the day.

You stop to take lunch at a little inn, or may be "al fresco" in a shady spot amidst the fragments of a ruined city. You finish your repast and are in a pleasant mood, contemplating the fine landscape, or falling into a reverie about the past, inspired by the surroundings. A dejected figure approaches salaaming. He touches his turbaned forehead with his hand and addresses you in Turkish.

"What does he want, ?" you ask the dragoman. "Oh, it's only a beggar," is the answer. "He says that his donkey died, and that he wants to sell a fine old dagger that came to him from his great great-greatgrand father, in order to buy another animal, without which he cannot make a living."

You motion the man to come nearer. He hands you the weapon, which proves to be a fine old dagger with jeweled handle and a chased sheath also incrusted with stones. You see that the latter are only corals or other cheap imitations; but the metal is undoubtedly silver. It is oxidized by age, and the blade is slightly corroded. Altogether, it seems to be an old and artistic weapon. You have seen similar ones in the great department stores of New York and Chicago, but those, you know, are only imitations, while this one is an heirloom with which the owner only parts by force of sheer necessity. You ask for the price, which, according to American ideas, is very moderate. It is two pounds Turkish: about ten dollars. You are not inclined to haggle, as is the custom in these parts; you buy the dagger.

The poor man looks happy, but he does not leave yet. He keeps on talking. The dragoman explains that in his hut, near by, the man also has a fine pistol that came to him from an even more remote ancestor than did the dagger, and if he could sell that, too, he might, possibly, buy another, better donkey, and in time become a rich man.

Now, it depends on the state of your letter of credit, on the repast you just had, or on the general impressions of the day whether you acquire this antique treasure, too, or not. The dragoman, who always is a connoisseur, and who wouldn't for the world have you pay an exaggerated price, goes into ecstasies about the beauty of the weapon. If you cannot withstand the temptation, why, you are only out from a hundred to a hundred and fifty francs more — that is all.

But it makes you feel like a berserker when you find out, on coming home, that your wife has surprised you by decorating your den with just such a pistol, which she bought at a bargain sale in an Oriental curio shop for less than half what you paid for the poor man's heirloom, and which was originally made in the same French, German or English factory.

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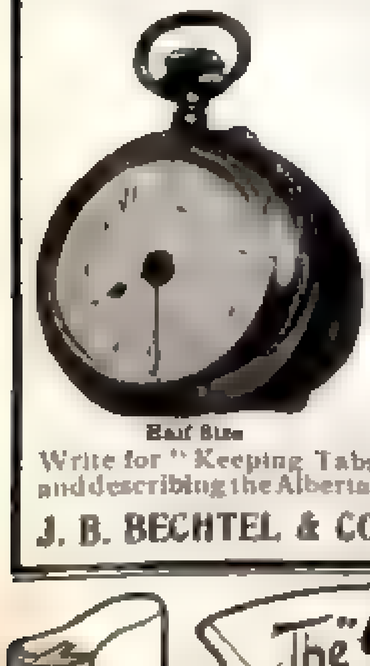

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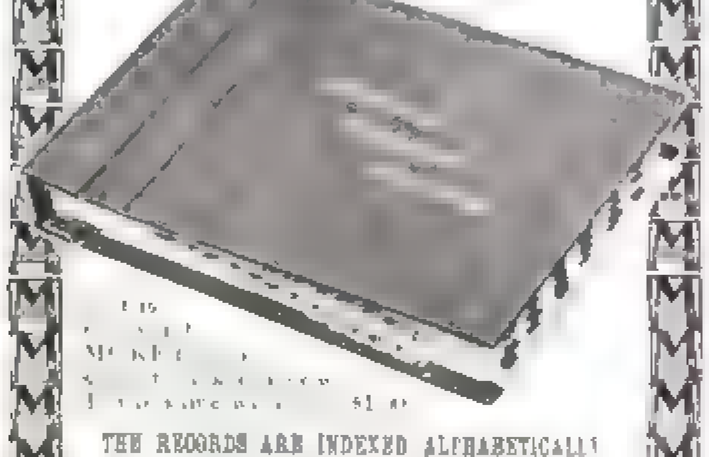

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Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

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Hunters of New Plants

By René Bache

A SPINELESS PRICKLY PEAR

NO FORM of enterprise in which our Government is engaged abroad is more picturesque than the work of plant hunting, which is systematically conducted by agents of the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of seeking out and obtaining possession of new fruits, new vegetables, and new cereals likely to prove suitable for cultivation in the United States.

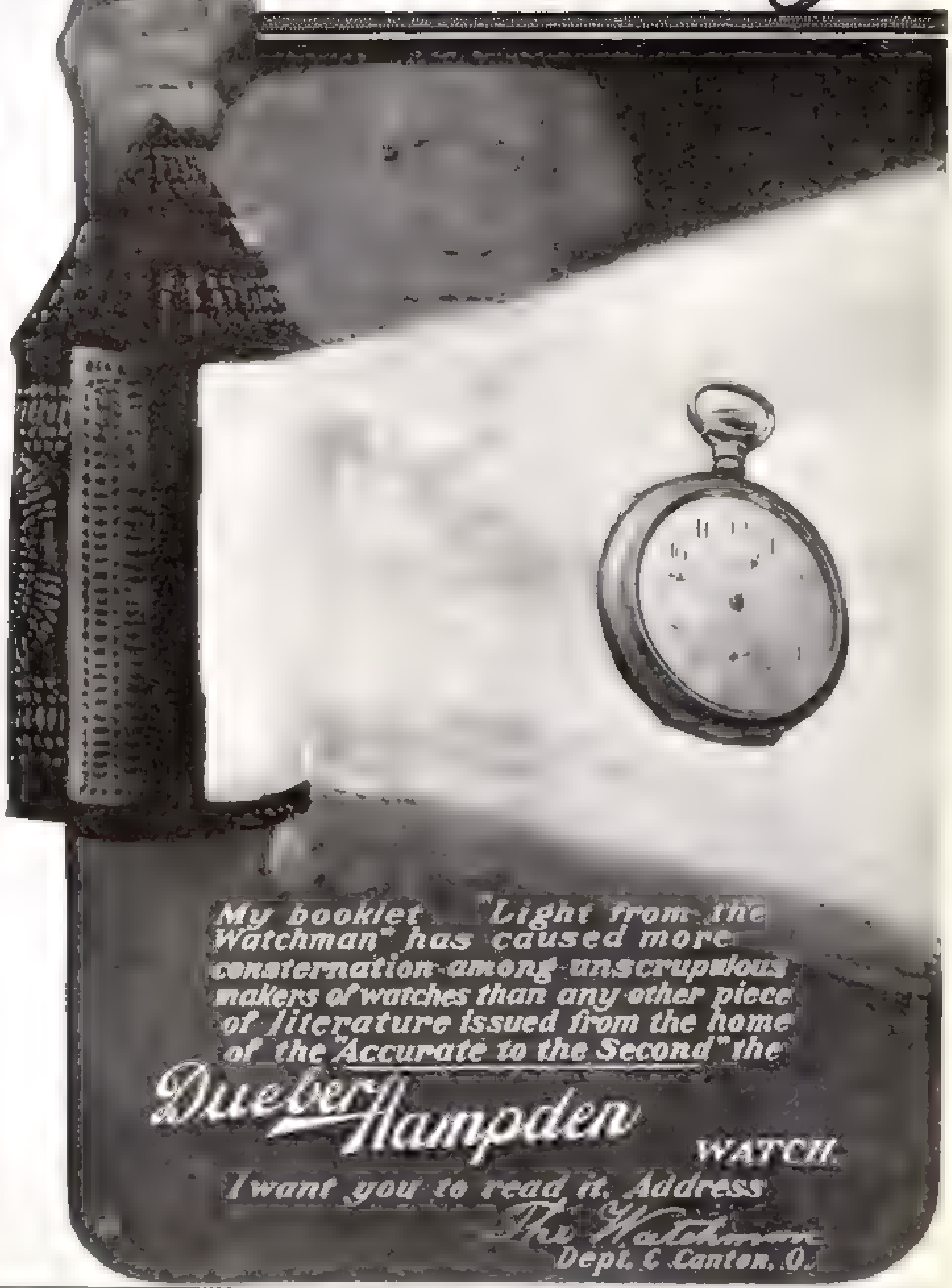
The men employed in this business are called agricultural explorers, and, in pursuit of useful novelties in the way of plants, they extend their search to the most remote corners of the earth. Naturally, the less known a region happens to be, the greater the chance that it may contain some vegetable prize as yet unheard of. It is an ever tempting possibility that entices the botanical explorer, as with a beckoning finger, into wild and often dangerous places, where venomous reptiles, deadly miasmas, and bloodthirsty savages combine to minimize his chances of return.

But ordinarily the work of the Government plant-hunter is done in civilized parts of the world, and, though now and then he may come across an entirely new garden vegetable or fruit, his attention is addressed chiefly to the finding of improved or otherwise exceptional varieties. Thus, within the last twelvemonth, there has been brought to us, from Algeria, a spineless prickly pear, which, while interesting as a novelty, promises to be valuable in the hot and arid regions of our own Southwest, furnishing as it does, without any preliminary treatment—such as is requisite for removing the prickles from the ordinary cactus of this species—a nutritious and palatable food for cattle.

When the agricultural explorer visits a region—such as Kurdistan, in Asia Minor, for example—he is likely to go first to the markets in the towns, where he finds the food plants of the country represented in the shape of products. If any one of the latter seems on examination, to be of an excellence markedly superior, he ascertains where it grows and, going to the spot, makes a study of the method of cultivation adopted. Supposing that the vegetable, or what not, still appears

A PLANTATION OF TIMBER BAMBOOS

MORE Watch Light



My booklet "Light from the Watchman" has caused more consternation among unscrupulous makers of watches than any other piece of literature issued from the home of the "Accurate to the Second" the Dueber Hampden WATCH. I want you to read it. Address The Watchman Dept. C Canton, O.

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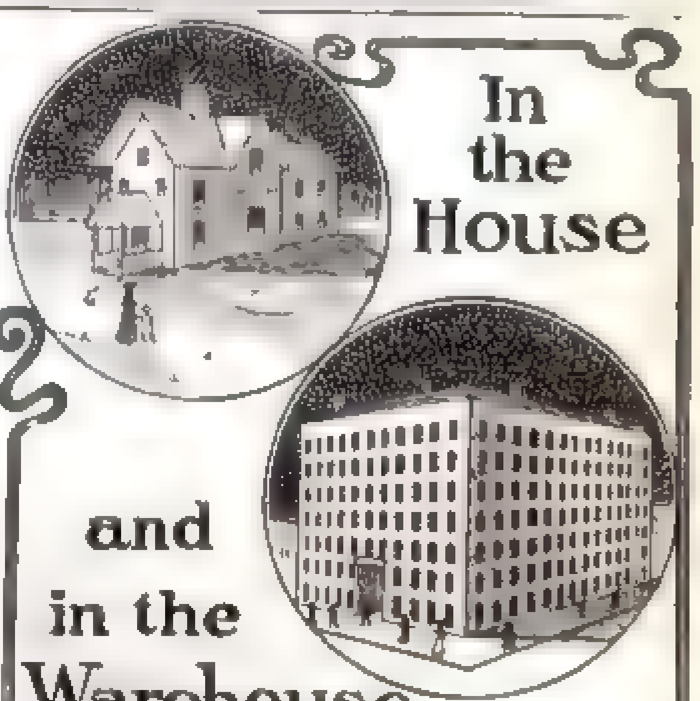

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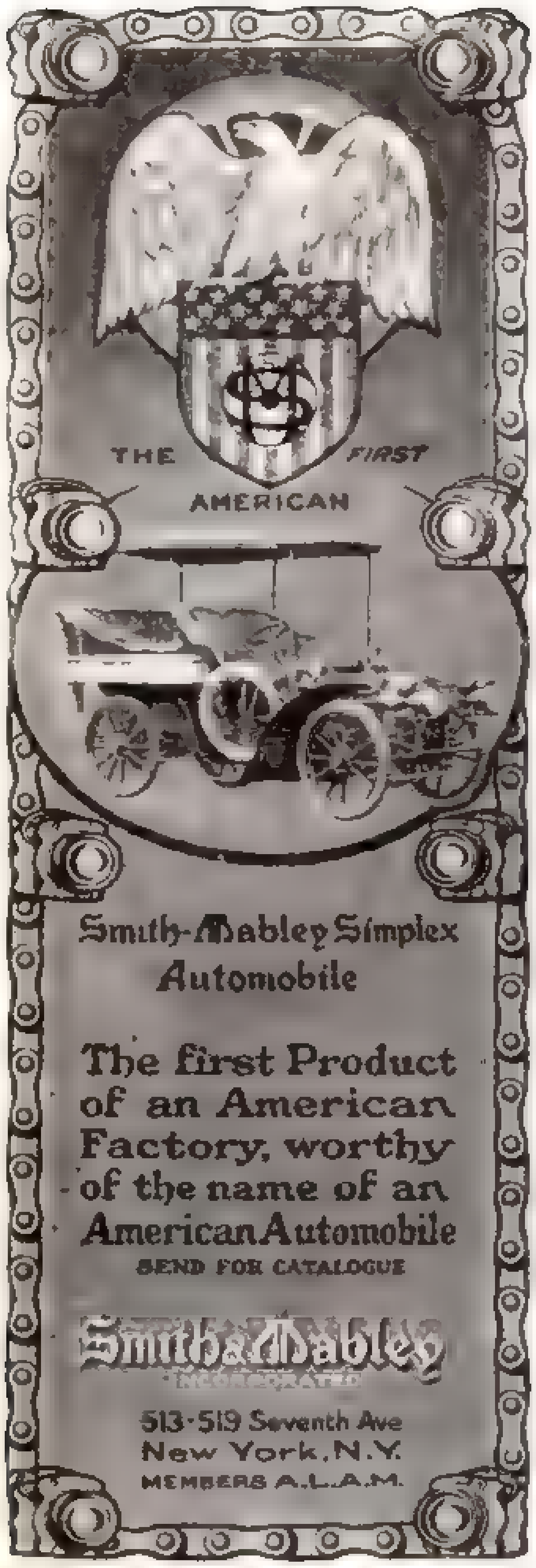

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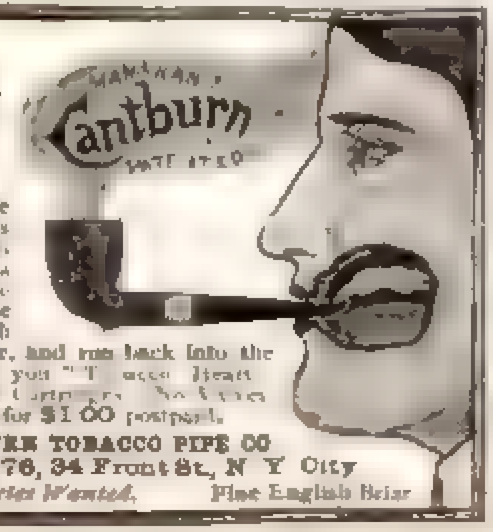

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THE CANTBURN TOBACCO PIPE CO
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Reliable Agencies Wanted. Fine English Briar

to be worth securing, and specially suited to conditions existing somewhere in the United States, he obtains seeds, cuttings, or whatever may be requisite for reproductive purposes, and sends them to our Department of Agriculture.

When the seeds or cuttings reach this country they are forwarded to an agricultural experiment station in the part of the country that seems best adapted, in point of climate and otherwise, for growing the plant, and a painstaking trial is made with them. If the plant proves productive and in all respects desirable it is placed in the hands of a few selected farmers, who give a written guarantee to devote a certain area to its cultivation. They raise it on a considerable scale, and (in case its commercial value becomes obvious) the cuttings or seeds obtain wide distribution through dealers in the towns.

It was precisely in this way that macaroni wheat, which is now being grown on so great a scale in the West, was originally introduced. One of Uncle Sam's explorers, Mr. Mark A. Carleton, made a study of the plant in Russia (from which country immense quantities of this variety of the cereal are exported) and shipped a few bushels of the seed to the United States. Trials of the seed were made at several agricultural experiment stations; later, the services of a number of selected "farmer coöperators" were employed, each of them planting an acre or so, and finally the wheat found its way into the hands of the seedsmen, from whom anybody could buy it.

Macaroni wheat is specially adapted for dry regions in this country. It is more popularly known as "durum" (hard) wheat, and its heads are much larger than those of ordinary wheat. While excellent for bread and pancakes, it has an exceptionally high precentage of gluten, on which account it is used in the manufacture of macaroni and other so-called "alimentary pastes." Our soft wheats do not answer this purpose well. When it is considered that France alone exports in a twelvemonth 150,000,000 pounds of pastes of the kind described it will be realized that such a grain is an immensely valuable commercial product, independently of the fact that it can be grown over great areas which are not suited to ordinary wheats less drought-resistant.

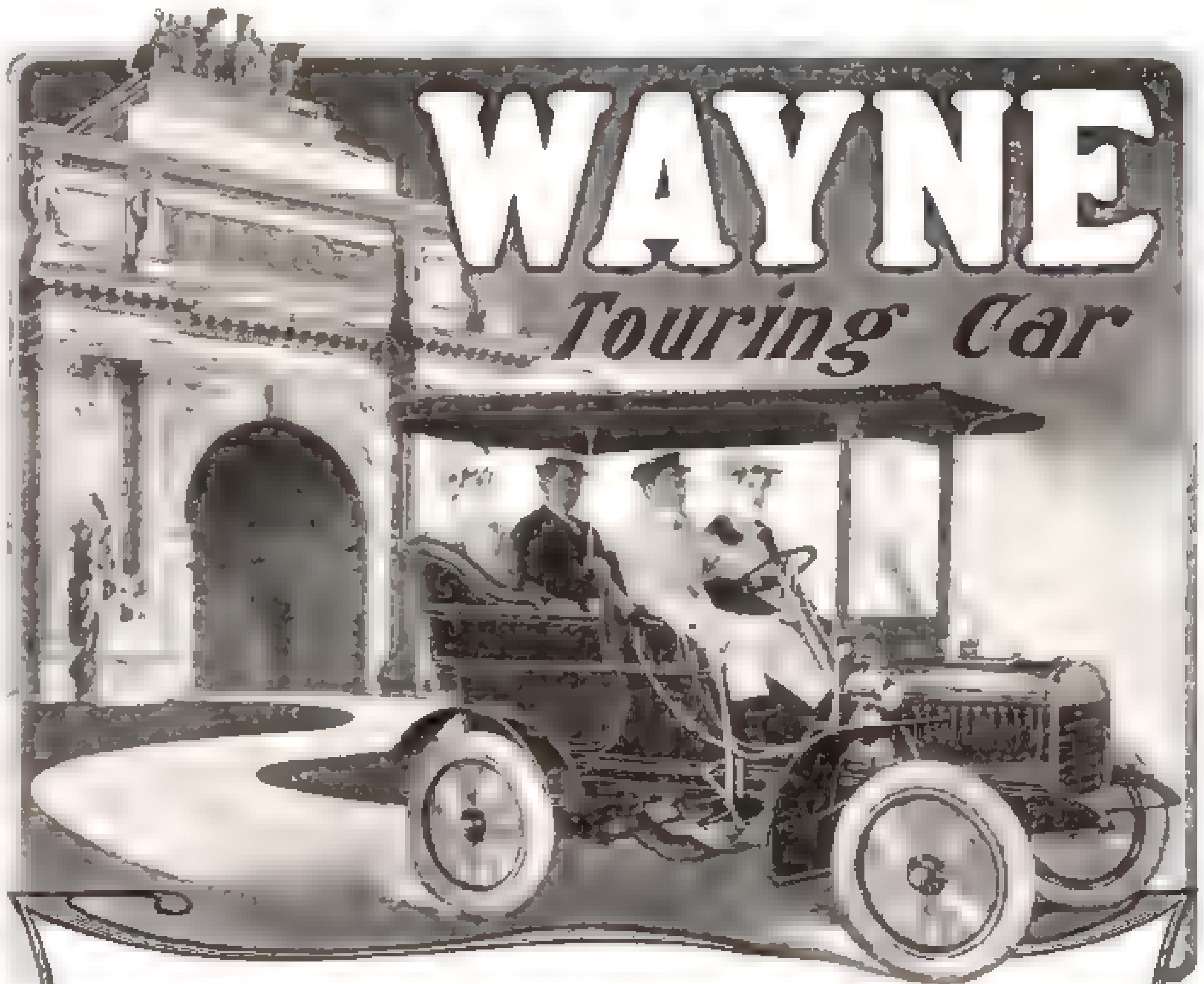
THE "PEPINO"

A NEW SEEDLESS FRUIT FROM GUATEMALA

The Government plant-hunter never seeks to obtain at the start more than a small quantity of reproductive material. When the preliminary tests have been made in this country it will be time enough to obtain seeds, or what not, in bulk. It is a part of the business of the explorer to ascertain where the "stuff" can, if wanted, be obtained in large amounts by sending for it. Thus, only a few pecks of macaroni wheat were originally imported by Mr. Carleton, but, when its cultivation had proved successful, the Secretary of Agriculture ordered 2000 bushels.

One of the most important elements of the plant-hunter's outfit is a camera. With its aid he takes pictures, which supply the most reliable sort of data on everything that has to do with the growth, cultivation and harvesting of the vegetable, fruit or cereal of which he may happen to be making a study. Methods of irrigation and of storing products afford for his use similar photographic documents, the best and most descriptive of which serve, after his return, for publication in bulletins issued by the Government.

The most remarkable work in the line of agricultural exploration has been done by Mr. David G. Fairchild, with the help of Mr. Barbour Lathrop, who has given freely of his means for the purpose of adding to and improving the resources of this country. Through the efforts of these two men no fewer than 1100 new species and varieties have been introduced into the United States. Mr. Lathrop is an enthusiast on the subject and his great experience in the practical business of botanical collecting for economic purposes



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Send for FREE [illegible] Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory

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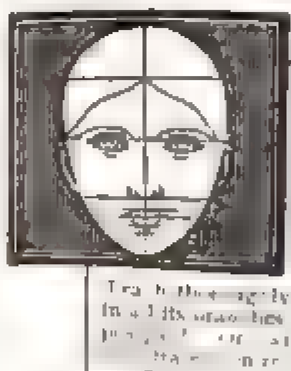

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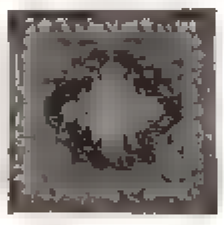

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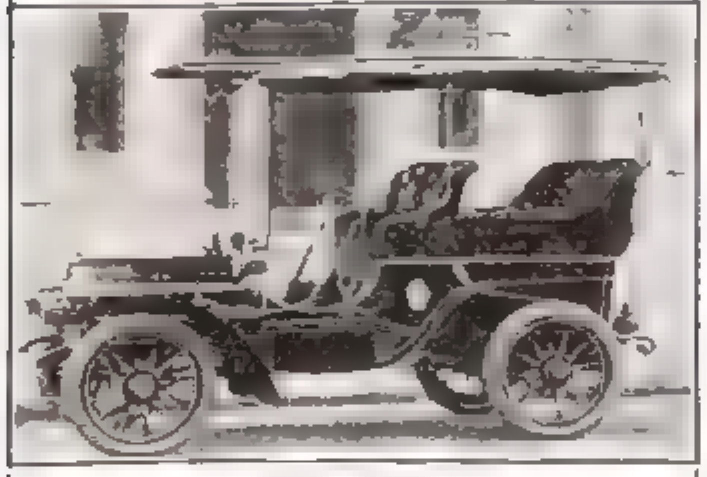

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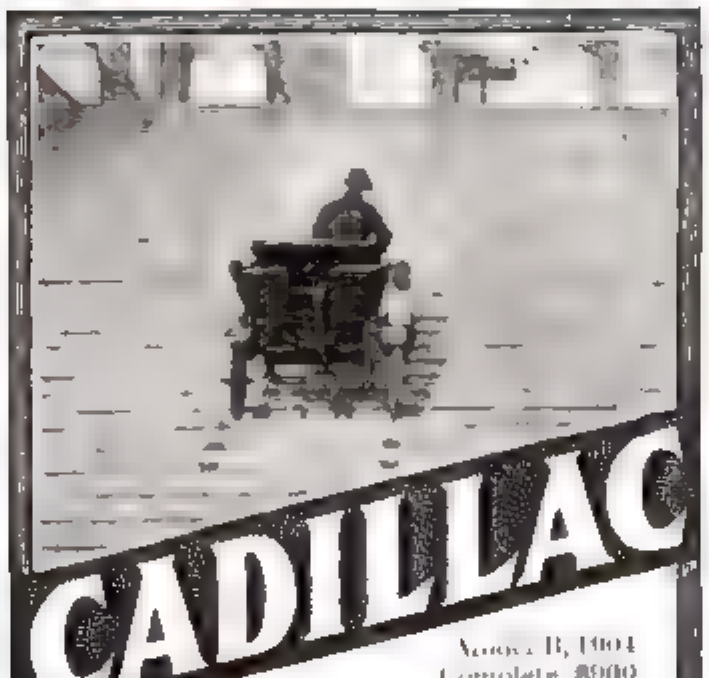

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Removes all odor of [illegible] after Shaving. Sold everywhere [illegible] (the original). [illegible]
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THE JORDAN ALMOND

has been of the utmost value. Other notable explorers are Mr. W. T. Swingle, to whom California primarily owes its present flattering prospect in fig-culture, and Dr. S. A. Knapp, introducer of the Japanese rice, which has increased so enormously our crops of that valuable cereal.

Mr. Swingle brought from northern Africa, Italy and Asia Minor the wild fig trees, on which alone the insects which fertilize the cultivated figs are able to subsist. He also imported the insects, with the coöperation of the Government Bureau of Entomology, and, as a result, the fig growing industry in the Golden State, which previously had been a failure, is now a success, and California figs, at a high price, are sold in our markets in considerable quantities. From France, also, Mr. Swingle has brought the truffle, as well as the oak trees on the roots of which this precious fungus grows.

The French truffle crop is worth $4,000,000 annually, and there does not seem to be any good reason why the toothsome fungus should not be produced plentifully and profitably in California, where experiments with it are now being made. If it proves a success we shall be able to rely upon the domestic output.

A Melon from Turkestan

From Turkestan has recently been obtained a new kind of muskmelon, huge in size, which looks somewhat like an elongated watermelon, its skin smooth and mottled in green and yellow when the fruit is ripe. It has a pulp of delicious flavor, several inches thick, so that a single slice furnishes as much to eat as the whole of an ordinary muskmelon. But the fruit can be grown only in the arid parts of the West, under irrigation.

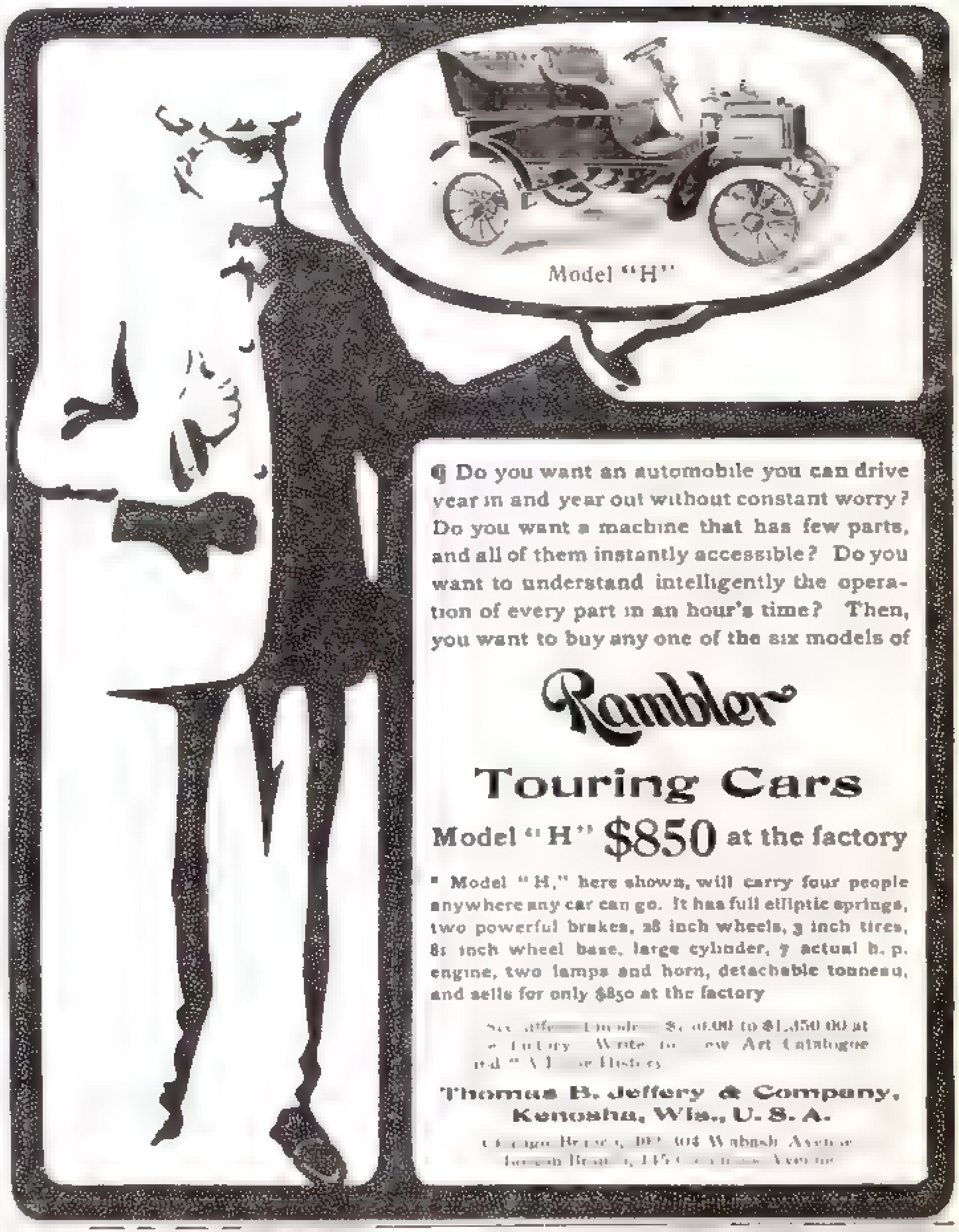
It is a winter muskmelon, and, though it matures in September, when it is picked it is not ripe enough for eating until December or January.

The Japanese rice, of which mention was made, has already revolutionized the rice-growing in Louisiana and Texas, where the bulk of that cereal grown in this country is produced. In those States a peculiar system of culture is adopted, which consists in draining off the lands and allowing the grain to ripen dry, like wheat.

Thus treated, the sort of rice formerly planted was liable to crack, seriously diminishing the market value of the product. But the rice obtained from Japan by Doctor Knapp, though cultivated in the same fashion, does not crack, and it is bringing rapid wealth to the planters.

Another new introduction is the Jordan almond, which is highly valued by confectioners, not only on account of its superior flavor, but also by reason of the handsome shape of its kernel. Many efforts have been made to obtain the stock from Spain, but only recently did the Department of Agriculture succeed in fetching some of the "bud-wood" to this country. It is being utilized for grafts in California, and before long we shall produce all the Jordan almonds we need, whereas hitherto we have been obliged to import them. In Spain, by the way, the various grades of kernels are designated according to size by the names of animals, such as "donkeys," "horses," "tigers," "lions,"

THE LOQUAT—A NEW FRUIT



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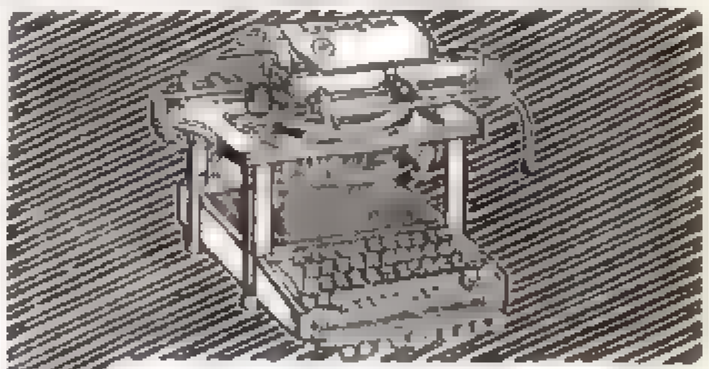

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Janesville, Wis.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

vose

PIANOS

Established in
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-One

Comparison with other instruments only serves to emphasize the quality that makes the vose

DISTINCTIVE
and PREEMINENT

and to increase the favorable comments on vose value

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a vose piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston.

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VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
160 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

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Fifty cents on the dollar. Over one [illegible] Easy Payments [illegible] taken in exchange. We rebuild and sell them. Less than half original cost. Supplies at half price. Agents wanted. Send for free catalog.

Fay-Sholes Co., 104 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill

elephants" and "mammoths." The donkeys are the smallest, and the mammoths the largest.

In California a beginning has been made in the cultivation of a new kind of fruit called the "pepino," which has a thin skin, a most agreeable flavor, and no seeds. It comes from Guatemala, and, though related to the family of the eggplant, is sweet. This, too, grows only in frostless regions. Then there is the "loquat," another novelty in the fruit line, introduced from Algeria. It resembles a plum somewhat, is slightly acid (though hardly more so than a strawberry), and is suitable for cultivation in Florida and the Southwest.

Valuable grasses for our arid regions have been obtained from the dry steppes of central Asia. From the Persian Gulf and from the Saharan oases are being imported choice varieties of dates, for cultivation in Arizona, where the climate seems particularly well adapted to the purpose, being extremely hot and dry. A new kind of reed, most suitable for mat-making, is another novel acquisition from the Old World. Then there is the olive pickle. For years growers in California, not knowing any better, tried to make pickles out of olives that ought to have been pressed for oil. Naturally, they failed; but recently the proper kind of olive for pickling has been fetched from Spain, and thus a much-vexed problem has found a solution.

Mr. Fairchild recently brought from Egypt a winter clover, which can be grown on the rice lands of Texas and Louisiana after the rice has been harvested. Hitherto those lands have been left bare from August, when the grain was reaped, until the following year, but henceforth they will produce, it is hoped, a second and supplementary forage crop during the "off" season. Another valuable importation made by the same explorer is the carob bean, native to the Mediterranean region, which is to be tried in the arid parts of the United States. It is the fruit of a beautiful tree, and its seeds are edible by human beings, while the husks are supposed, as a matter of popular tradition, to have supplied the humble provender of the Prodigal Son when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

Not less interesting is the bamboo, which has been imported from Japan with a view to making a trial of it in parts of this country that seem well adapted for the purpose, climatically and otherwise. Several species of the giant grass are now being grown at the agricultural experiment stations. Some of them do well in cool latitudes—for the bamboo has a wide range of habitat—and the large ones are very valuable for timber, as well as for an immense number of other purposes. Some kinds have a diameter as great as that of big trees; others are mere dwarfs, cultivated in pots as "ornamentals," but all of them are useful to man.

When a plant is newly introduced a considerable time must elapse before it can be made available for use by the people. To begin with, a thorough trial of it must be made; and it is by no means to be taken for granted that it will prove a success. Not every novelty in the way of fruit or vegetable that is picked up by the agricultural explorer in foreign countries turns out well when tested in the United States. Conditions here may not suit it, or perhaps, as sometimes happens, the botanical agent may have rated its excellence too highly. Out of many things that seem to be worth trying, a few will meet final approval and will find their way into cultivation and commercial use. Meanwhile, the Government does not distribute the seeds or other reproductive material to applicants, and it is of no use for anybody to bother the Department of Agriculture by asking for them.

He Understood

BURTON HOLMES, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found.

When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska, recently, he carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet.

When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked:

"Huh! Him canned white man."

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AT THIS season of the year we are able to offer many choice examples of fine furniture for Drawing Rooms and other apartments at *exceptionally low prices* to make place for our Autumn importations which are beginning to arrive. For purity of style and good workmanship we commend particular attention to our large and well assorted stock.

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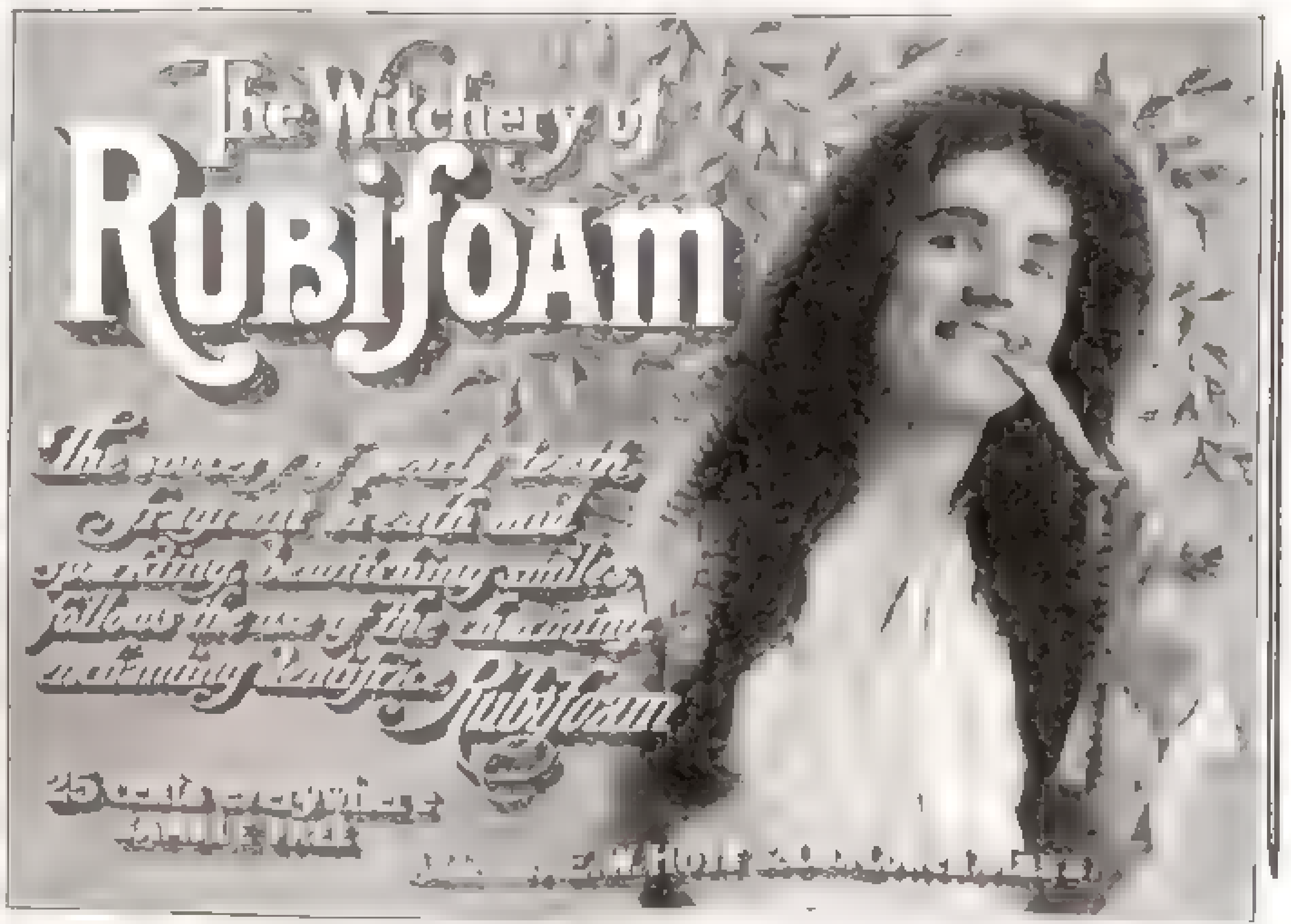

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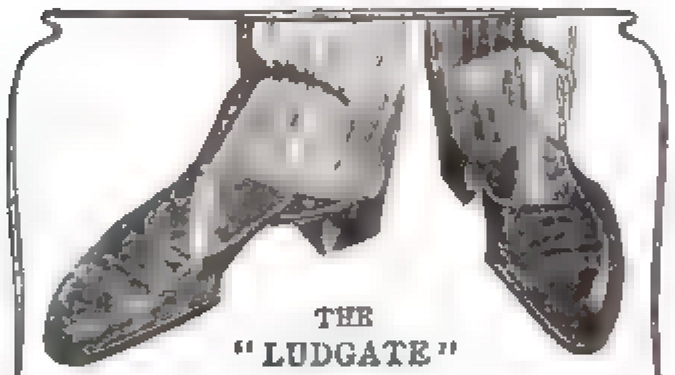
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The Florsheim SHOE

A shoe perfect in fit, style, comfort, the kind that appeals irresistibly to men critical in matters of foot-wear, must be built on a perfect foot-form last.

The Florsheim, bench-made — *specially* selected damp-proof leather — over 200 foot form lasts of special design, conforming completely to any shape of foot.

Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00. Whatever price the particular man may pay, he cannot secure such a gratifying combination — comfort, fit, style and shape that stays.

FREE — Write for [illegible] the Florsheim Way of [illegible] that will interest every shoe [illegible] the Florsheim at your dealer's [illegible] and we will make a pair special [illegible]

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STOGIES
RAUBITSCHEK BROTHERS
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Box of 100 Wabash Specials $1.50. Charges Prepaid. Write today to

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We issue
Certificates of Deposit
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Absolute safety: deposits protected by bank's capital and its first mortgages on improved real estate, withdrawable at any time. Established over 10 years.

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The Reading Table

An Artistic Triumph

ZEUXIS was boasting of his grapes.

"They were painted so naturally the birds pecked at them," he declared.

"That's nothing," answered his rival. "I painted some so well that a man ate them and had appendicitis!"

Utterly crushed, he scarcely had enough gumption left to borrow a quarter.

A Highflier

WHILE "Joe" Jefferson, the actor, was down in Florida last winter he met an old friend. They had a long talk over old times, during which Mr. Jefferson inquired about a common friend of theirs who used to play with him in Rip Van Winkle.

"Well, Joe, the last time I saw him he was in London, two years ago, and, would you believe it, he has become very profane."

"When I knew him," said Mr. Jefferson, "he was pigeon toed and chicken-breasted, so it does not surprise me that he is foul mouthed now."

Those Unused Wings

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER tells a story of a clergyman out West who addressed a Sunday-school class. After a short discourse he wound up by saying in a very paternal and condescending way:

"And now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask a question?"

Getting no response, he repeated his query, and then a shrill, piping little voice, in the rear of the room, called out:

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Ah — yes — I see," said the nonplused preacher. "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

Impertinent Poems

QUALIFIED

I love to see my friend succeed;
I love to praise him; yes, indeed!
And so, no doubt, do you.
But will you tell me why it is
The praise we parcel out as his
So often goes askew,
And ends by running in the rut
Of "if," "except" or "but"?

"Boggs is a clever chap. His trade
Is doubling yearly, and he's made
A fortune all right, but ——"
"Sharp is elected. Well, I say!
He'll hit a high mark yet, some day,
If ——" (here one eye is shut).
"Such acting! why, I laughed and wept!
Fobb's art is great — except."

"Miss Hautton has such queenly grace,
And then her figure and her face!
She'd be a beauty if —— "
"And Mrs. Follol entertains
With so much taste and so much pains;
But ——" (here a little sniff)
"And Mrs. Caste has ever kept
The narrow path — except."

I wish some man were great and good
That I might praise him all I could
And never add a "but"
I would that some would value me
And never hint what I would be
"If" — but why cavil?
Tut, eternal justice still is kept
And Heaven is good — except!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

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BIG boys' clothes differ from men's in this: They have to please not only the boy but his parents. You'll find that Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes do it perfectly, in style, fit, and quality. Boys who wear our clothes, at home or going away, are a credit to their parents, so far as looks go.

When you buy clothes ask for our label: a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Send six cents for our new Fall Style Book; a guide to right clothes.
Young men's suits $15 to $35; overcoats $15 to $60.

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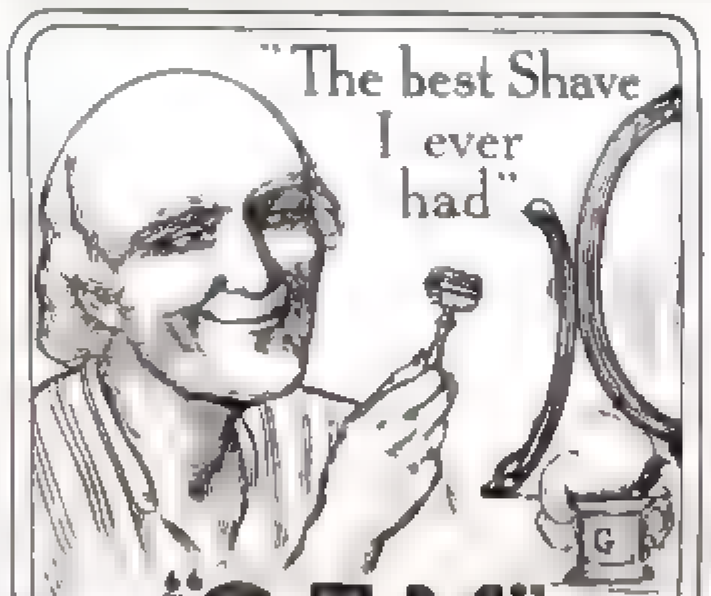
Chicago Boston New York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"GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

No more trouble with razors, no more unsatisfactory shaves if you use the "GEM," the most popular shaving device manufactured. Never fails — easy to operate — makes shaving easy. Finest English cutlery steel blades, tested.

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RAZOR, COMPLETE, $2.00
MOROCCO CASE, TWO BLADES, $3.50

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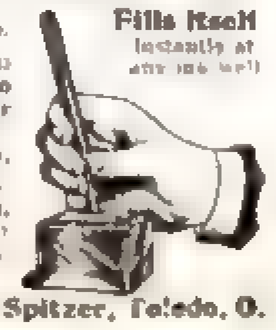
Self-FILLING -CLEANING Fountain Pen

The **Standard** is new — high grade. **No** dropper — **No** taking apart to clean — **No** smeared fingers — **No** screw thread — **No** twisted rubber — **No** valves to get out of order — **No** awkward projection — **No** complication.



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Agents Big money for hustlers. **Entire or spare time.** Write for free booklet on 20th century methods. Experience unnecessary.

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A comfortable face is worth many times the price of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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Are [illegible] like cut No 1? If so, you are needlessly pinching [illegible] them with shoes that are not right. You can give your feet instant relief and keep them in proper condition (like cut No. 2) by wearing

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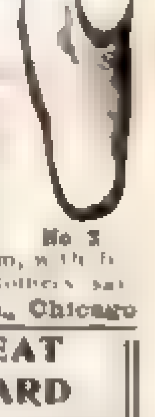
which conform to the natural curves of the foot and thereby give [illegible] ease and [illegible] comfort [illegible] Send 2c stamp for 32 page illustrated booklet "Foot and Shoe Pointers," which tells why your feet are tender and how to care for them, with description of our shoes; also what our customers say.


No. 2

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WORTH WHILE GREAT CARD GAME
INTENSELY ENTERTAINING — NOT BOISTEROUS
ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR
SOUVENIR EDITION
Price 50 cents. Gilt Edge 75 cents.
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Holder is made of the finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, largest size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired — ink feeding device perfect.

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Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen.

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For fifty-five years, we have been making the

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the ideal instrument for music-loving homes. In tone, action, durability, and finish, it fulfils the demands of the most exacting critic; while its price and terms are well within the limits of a moderate income.

The world has made its name.
Over 82,000 have been made and sold.

Write for our free catalogue and descriptive booklet of our new Short Grand.

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MOORE PUSH-PINS

To hang up pretty silk-corded CALENDARS and innumerable other things. *You push them in with your fingers.* Made of steel and polished glass, extremely ornamental. Can be inserted in wood or plaster without disfiguring. Convenient for fastening up small pictures, posters, photo-films, draperies, etc. Sold at stationery, house-furnishing and photo supply stores or mailed prepaid for **10 cents per packet of ½ dozen.** Sample Pin for a 2-cent stamp.
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Agents Wanted to sell our unbreakable glass lamp chimneys, throw on the floor and won't break. An unequalled opportunity to make considerable money. Full particulars mailed to any address. Jenks, Aldan, Pa.

ADVERTISERS: WRITE EASTON, To increase your business use WEATHERPROOF SIGNS DAYTON, OHIO, for samples.

The Reincarnation of Rourke

(Continued from Page 5)

On the way back to the hotel Hortense was very quiet and thoughtful. I tried to get her interested in the scenery, but she would not grow enthusiastic. Finally she said:

"I have never seen a man change as much as you have within two or three days."

"There are some things," I replied, "that can change almost anybody."

"And what are they?"

"Well, one of them is a woman."

"What woman has transformed you into a man who urges other men to fight?"

I didn't answer.

"What woman has changed you into a man who will, instead of arguing for peace, offer to whip either or both of the men he urges to fight?"

"You," I told her.

"I!"

"Yes, you. Sure, a woman with your eyes and voice would make the shyest of men turn into a raging lion."

"Please do not talk about my eyes and voice. I thought we had dismissed that subject two weeks ago."

"Excuse me. I didn't remember it," I said. Then I swore silently at Hampton for not posting me better.

IV

TUESDAY and Wednesday and Thursday mornings Hortense and I took the same walk around by the quarry and sat down on the same log and she pitied and I criticised the poor man Rourke. The poor man was improving though. He was getting on to his work better and was not such a great discredit to me as he was on Monday. Thursday morning I spoke to him.

"How are you getting along, my good man?" I says.

"All right. How are you getting along?" he replies.

"Half and half," I told him, then went back and joined Hortense, who said she thought the man was presuming upon my interest in him or else was inclined to be impertinent.

The poor man tried to jab the drill clear through to China when he heard her say that.

Well, to tell the truth, I had grown tired of making believe to be Hampton. The trouble was that I had to lie so much. Not that I'm opposed to lying as an occasional thing. But, having told one or two lies at the start, I had to keep on telling lies to back the first ones up. When we got back to the hotel that Thursday morning we sat down in the grove and began talking of the weather and this, that and the other thing. Just in the middle of some remarks of mine Hortense interrupted me with:

"I cannot understand what has made such a change in you."

"I thought we had dismissed that subject," I said, using her own words.

"Dismissing the subject doesn't seem to have been dismissing you," she replied.

"No, and I——"

"But, listen. You are browner than you used to be. You smoke, where you used to talk against tobacco; you are argumentative, where you used to be silent; you are belligerent, where you used to be peaceable; you are — oh, in every way you are different."

"Well, I told you what would change a man."

She turned and looked right into my heart, it seemed. That girl was trying her best to believe in me. If it had been my own game I would have let it go on, but I was giving Hampton a reputation he couldn't live up to and I was getting myself in a tangle that would be hard to get out of. It's no conceit that makes me say the girl was in love with me because she thought I was Hampton and that I had been transformed some way or other into the sort of a man she would like him to be. But I had my lies so mixed I didn't know which one to use this time. Maybe, too, there was a little jealousy of Hampton. Anyway, I concluded to have a chance to draw a free breath and to quit thinking up lies, and to fall back on the truth.

"Is it true, Charles," she began, "that I have — have changed you?"

Man, could you have seen her blush when she asked that! I felt sorry for her, and sorry for myself, and mad at Hampton.

"No," I said. "You have not changed me. I am just what I always was."

Every letter you send out costs you from five to eight cents — for the letterhead and envelope, the typewriting and postage.

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They are made of the best nickel and are of the finest workmanship. After you once use them, you will use no other. All purchasers are convinced they are the best pins made. In order to get them and our Solid Ball-headed Pin in every home we will send sample card of one dozen each of three sizes of Duplex Dress Pins and one card of ten Solid Ball-headed Pins, Gold Plated, all for 15 cents by mail postpaid. This would cost double the money in any store. Only one sample to one address.

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More brilliant than Acetylene, or Electricity. No Grease—Smoke—Dirt or Odor. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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"Indeed you are not," she insisted.

"But I am. I am Red Rourke, and the poor man you pity so in the quarry is Professor Hampton."

There never was an actress that could give you such a picture of amazement. She turned white and red by turns, and kind of caught her breath, and never said a word. I went ahead and told her all about it; how he had suggested that we change places—told her everything. I even went further than I intended. I told her all about myself—how I was only working in the quarry until I could get a stake, because I was ashamed to write to my father for any more money; how I always had been the stray sheep—not a black one—of the family; how the first time I saw her I thought —— But that's something I never told any one except her.

"How unfair!" she cried.

"Oh, I'll come out all right in time," I replied, thinking she was sorry for me, after all I had told her.

"I mean how unfair it has been to me—to palm you off as Professor Hampton, and lead me to think ——"

"Wait a minute," I asked. "I have only acted as I thought Hampton would act—and as I couldn't help acting, anyhow."

Then I pulled out Hampton's watch and showed her her picture pasted in the inside of the lid.

"I never knew he had it there. I wonder how he got it," she murmured.

Now, if anybody thinks it is any fun to make love for another man, he is mistaken. That is, unless he is not particular about his own heart. But I said all I could think of in favor of Hampton.

"Oh, Prof—Mr. Rourke," she laughed, "I envy the girl that listens to you when you talk for yourself!"

Then, before I could say anything for myself, she urged me to go right away to the quarry and tell Hampton that everything had been discovered, and that he must change places with me again.

"There goes the rest of my week's vacation," I complained.

"No. You quit working there, too, and I will give you a note to my papa and he will see that you have a better place."

"Where does your papa live?"

She told me.

"Well, that's where I am going," I said. "It just happens that my papa owns the Third Ward there, and he was the man that elected your papa last time."

"And your father is Tom Rourke?"

"Yes. And I am going to do the prodigal son act and go home and ask him where is the calf."

I went back to the quarry and called Hampton out and told him all about it. What seemed to interest him the most was what Hortense had said about him, and when I came to the part about showing her the picture in his watch he wanted to know how she looked and what she said and everything like that.

"Don't ask me anything more," I said. "Let's go to my room and swap clothes and be ourselves again."

So we did. And then he insisted that I go back to the hotel with him to say good-by to Hortense. Which I did. We went through the office together, and the clerk called:

"Professor, here's that box of cigars you ordered."

"Cigars?" he asked. "Why, you know prefectly well——"

I pinched his arm.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I meant them for my friend Rourke, here."

When we went into the parlor there was nobody there but Hortense. She looked up, and when she saw us she came straight to me and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me!

"Charles," she whispered, half aloud, "I am so glad that we have come to understand each oth——"

"You are making a mistake, Hortense," says Charles, laying his hand on her arm.

I told her no apologies were necessary, that now I felt well repaid for my week of hard thinking and quick lying, shook hands with the two of them, wished them happiness, advised Hampton to chuck the books and the essays and to forget his fellowmen long enough to get acquainted with the best woman on earth. Then, with my box of cigars under my arm, I walked out, down the stairs, through the office and off the porch.

Before I lit the first of those cigars I remembered that kiss, and wondered, after all, if Hortense had made a mistake.

Marry him? Sure, she did. Didn't I pave the street in front of their house this week? That's how I came to remember all this.

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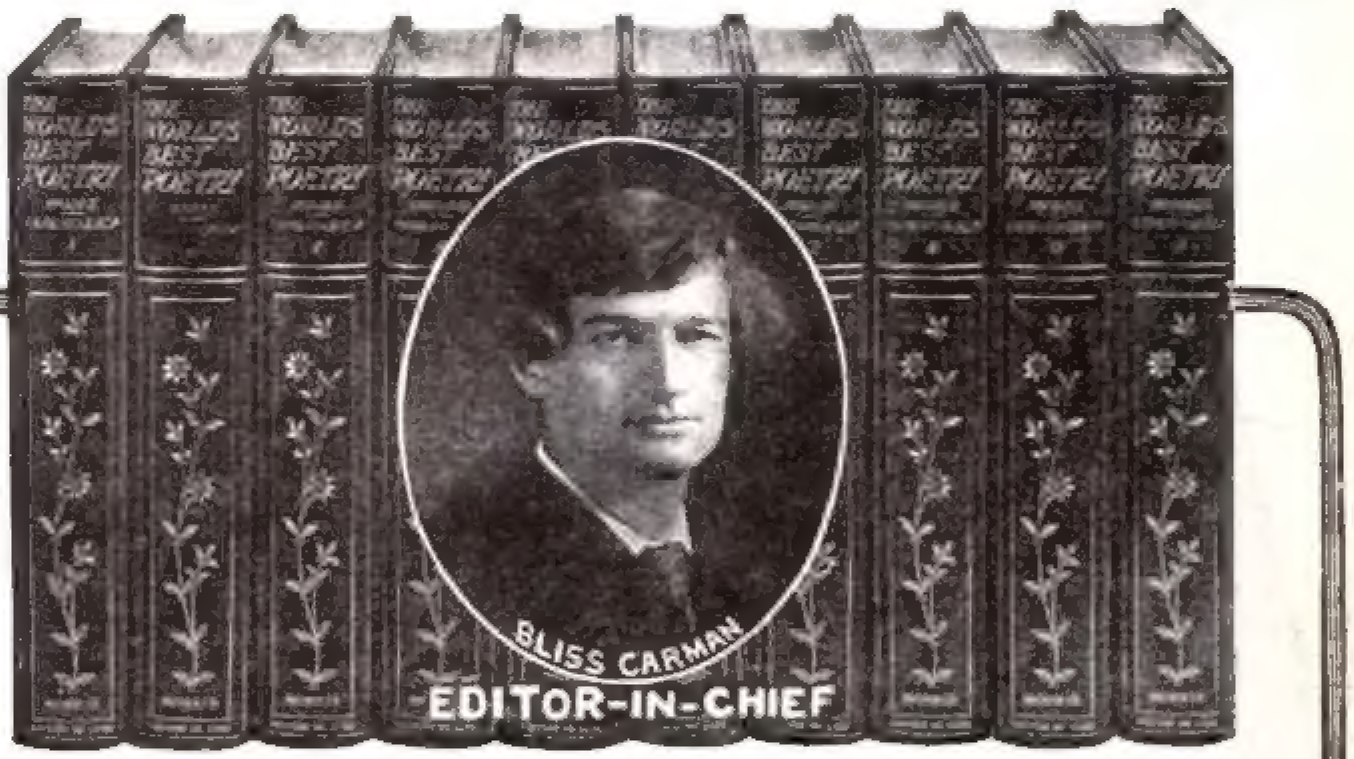

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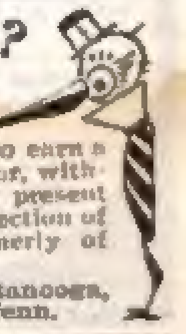

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Judge Parker, of Esopus

(Concluded from Page 3)

said. You are to observe that I review Judge Parker only by the lamp of politics, and from the standpoint of a campaign. Of his private relations there have never been two words. As a son, a husband, a father, a neighbor, he is a headland by which a race could steer. Politically, and in a voyage for high ideals, you might find a surer, safer basis for charting your course.

Politics is extant in the very nature of things mundane. It is as changeless as the stars. What politics is to-day, politics was when the world began, and will be when it ends. It is ever the same battle of Muscle versus Money, the Man against the Thing, and the issue now was the issue when Wat Tyler with his men of Kent came down to London town, or on a still further day when Moses and his straw-demanding followers marched out of Egypt. It is ever the same old dogs over the same old bone, and so will it be to the downfall of Time.

And men are born into one camp of politics or the other. Some, like Franklin, and by sheer bent of soul, believe in the Rights of Man as superior to the Rights of Property; such are congenital Whigs. Some, like Franklin's own son, Sir William Franklin, in the same way believe in the Rights of Property as against the Rights of Man; such are congenital Tories. The extreme Whig, if his hands were free to such unlawfulness, would strip the rich for being rich and give to the poor for being poor. The extreme Tory, were a ship bearing a mixed cargo of bullion and babies to spring a leak, would throw the babies overboard to save the bullion. The mighty army of mankind, however, while evenly dividing as natural Whigs and natural Tories, sail more the middle channel. Of those who peculiarly keep the middle channel is Judge Parker; but he sails morally, as he was born morally, on the Tory side of the stream.

And the sum of my conclusions concerning Judge Parker is this: Months ago in these columns, in attempting to mark the difference between a statesman and a politician, I said that a statesman is one who helps the public, while a politician is one who helps himself. By that mark—and what is to follow could safely be printed of most of us—it is my candid belief that the subject of this sketch would do prodigiously more for a Parker than for a public reason.

Still, it was a worthwhile visit, that visit to Judge Parker, and resulted in the paradox recounted. When I left I held him less and liked him more than when I came. I walked back to the Esopian station—a breath-taking effort!—with Representative Clayton for company. On the way we met the urchin of the ox-blood hair.

* * *

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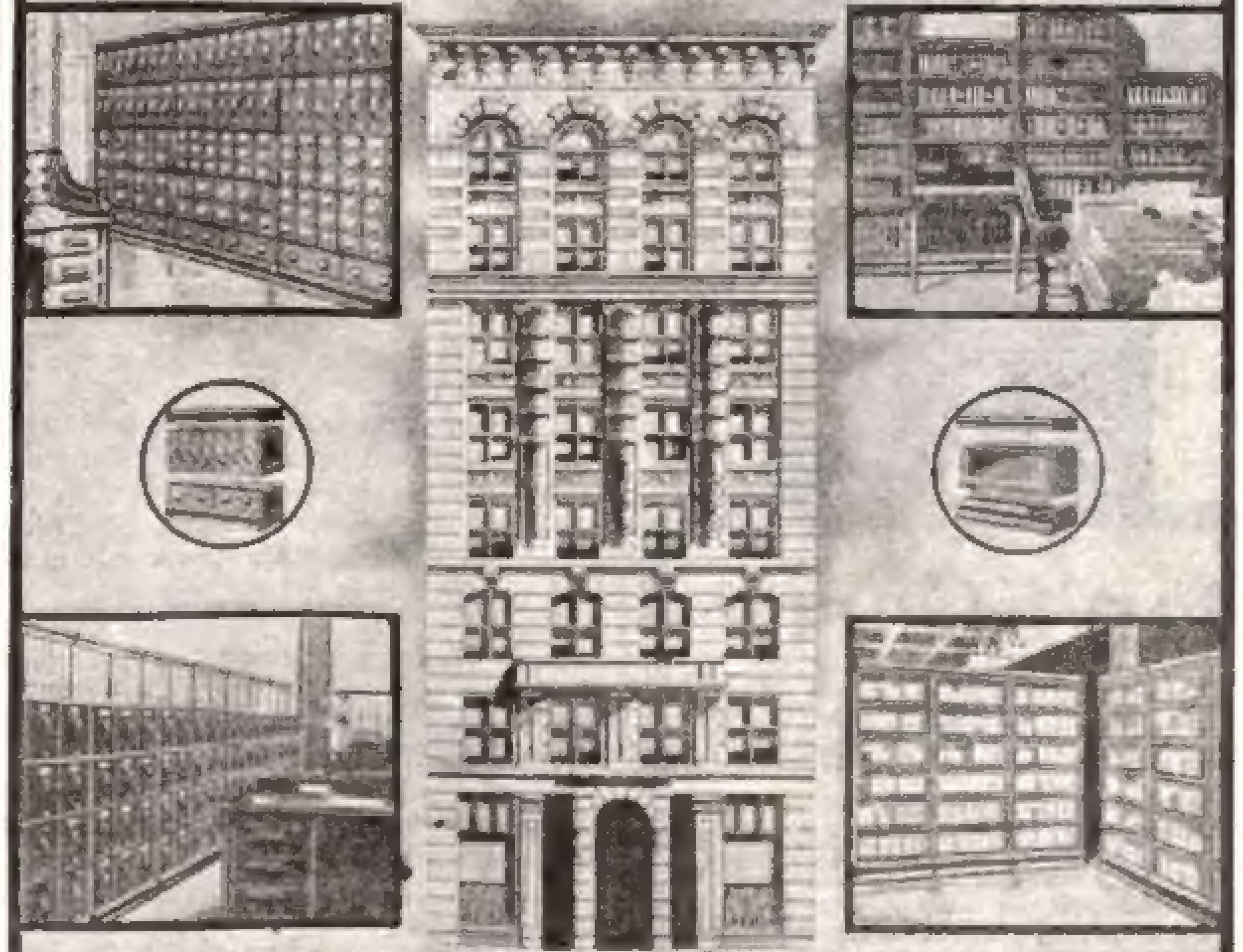

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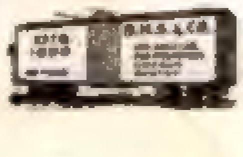

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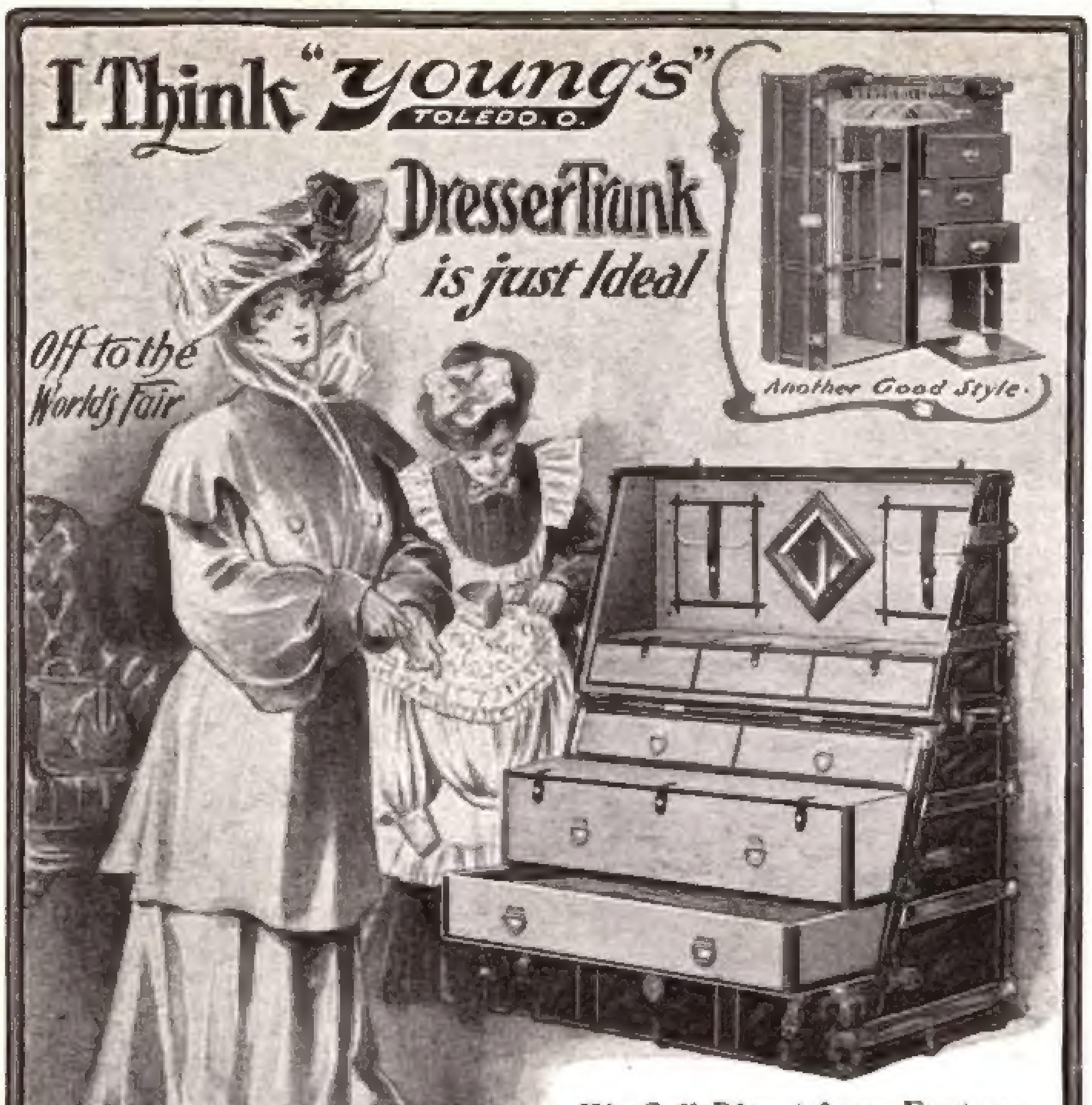
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